

San Francisco, January 24, 1901

# THE PACIFIC



Volume I

Number 4

## Be True.

THOU must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth wouldst teach;  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Others' soul would reach:  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

—Horatius Bonar.



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# THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

*"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"*

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, January 24, 1901

## To-day and To-morrow.

"Do not tell me of to-morrow;  
There is much to do to-day  
That can never be accomplished  
If we throw the hours away.  
Every moment has its duty;  
Who the future can foretell?  
Then why put off until to-morrow,  
What to-day can do as well?"

All the world sympathizes with Great Britain in her bereavement by the death of the Queen. She was a good queen—good not only to her own nation but to other nations; ever seeking to do the right as God gave her to see the right. Grief over the terrible results of the war in South Africa in all probability hastened her death. The people of the United States have good reason to regard Queen Victoria highly. More than once her careful supervision of the dispatches sent out by her ministers saved the United States and Great Britain from being plunged into war. We notice that the daily papers give considerable space to a narrative of events at the time her uncle, King William the Fourth, died, and when the lordly messengers went in haste at early dawn to Kensington palace to announce to Victoria that she was Queen. We are told that she entered the room to which she was summoned to meet them in loose white dressing-gown and with flowing hair, and with feet clad in slippers; but we are not told, by some of them, at least, that the first thing she said to the Archbishop was: "I ask your prayers on my behalf," and that they knelt there in the very beginning of her reign and prayed for the guidance and blessing of God. Accordingly it was a reign well inaugurated. Queen Victoria knew in whom to put her trust. Later in her life, when a prince from the wilds of Africa sent the inquiry, "What is it that has made Britain a nation so great and prosper-

ous?" the Queen made answer by sending back a copy of the Bible.

The Rev. William Rader writes in the San Francisco Bulletin on "Reasons for the Empty Pew." Reasons given are: "Lack of allegiance to the church as an historical institution"; "liberalism," by which is meant liberal living—the sense of a higher obligation to the home, the Bible and the Church being lost. A third reason is, "The alienation of the working classes." After mentioning excuses such as superfluous sects, doctrinal controversies and dry sermons, Mr. Rader gets to the bottom of the matter by saying that "people do not go to church because they don't want to go." But is there not a great deal taken for granted when the empty pew is mentioned? Is the pew empty? It is in some places; but there are a great many church spires pointing heavenward, and there are many devout worshippers. Mr. Rader states that in a modest way he has solved the Sunday evening problem in his own church, which is usually filled at the second service. Many churches are not able to solve the second service problem, but for at least once a day the pews are not empty in those churches. Attendance at the first service is good, and out from them goes ever an influence that makes for righteousness. We believe that the time has come for us to cease measuring the success of a church by attendance at morning service or evening service. There is much with which to feed the spiritual life that the people of a half century ago did not possess. The religious literature that forms the staple Sunday reading in many a house can do much in the way of spiritual culture. It can never take the place of the worship of the sanctuary except in part, but as an auxiliary it evidently is worthy an important place. The life of the Christian should be



altruistic: His place is where he can be of service—of the greatest service. It is the duty of some to be in the sanctuary twice every Sunday; it is not the duty of all. Happy the one who knows his duty and does it!

### Chief Justice Marshall.

On the 5th of February there will be observed throughout the United States the one hundredth anniversary of the entrance of John Marshall into the office of Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court. From an early age the life of John Marshall was a remarkable one. At eighteen he was in the Continental army, fighting for the independence of his country. Experiences at Brandywine and Monmouth, the enduring of the hardships of the terrible winter at Valley Forge; six years altogether in the war, the study of law and membership of the House of Burgesses had fitted him for places of responsibility under the Government. In debate he had crossed swords with the renowned Patrick Henry; had done able service in the State Legislature, and was appearing on nearly every important case in the United States courts in Virginia. Then came the offer of the Attorney-Generalship of the United States, which he declined. This was followed later by the declination of an appointment as Judge of the Supreme Court; later came a term in Congress, and then service as Secretary of War and Secretary of State.

It was while filling this latter office that Marshall went one day to suggest to President Adams the name of a person to fill the office of Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The President said to him: "General Marshall, you need not give yourself any further trouble about that matter. I have made up my mind about it. I have concluded to nominate a person whom it may surprise you to hear mentioned. It is a Virginia lawyer, a plain man by the name of John Marshall."

The nomination was made; and history gives the verdict that no better, no wiser, selection was ever made by any President for any official position. Judge Story, who shares with Chancellor Kent the honor of hav-

ing laid the foundation of equity jurisprudence in America, himself a member of the Supreme Court, said of Marshall in 1835, "He stands alone and without a rival." It has been said also of him that he did not master constitutional law, that he created it. His decisions are referred to constantly at this day as standard authority on constitutional questions, and they rank with those of the highest judicial authorities of the world.

In moral qualities this great jurist also stands pre-eminent. He loved truth for its own sake. In nothing else could his mind find rest and satisfaction. One who stood long in intimate association with him has said: "From the very first he seemed to do nothing wrong, and to leave nothing undone which it was right for him to do."

"Meet him in a stage coach," said Story, "as a stranger, and travel with him for a whole day, and you would only be struck with his readiness to administer to the accommodation of others, and his anxiety to appropriate the least to himself. Be with him, the unknown guest at an inn, and he was adjusted to the very scene, partaking of the warm welcome of its comforts whenever found, and if not found resigning himself without complaint to its meanest arrangements. You would never suspect in either case that he was a great man, far less that he was Chief Justice of the United States. But, if perchance invited by the occasion you drew him into familiar conversation, you would never forget that you had seen and heard that 'old man eloquent.'"

A traveler, so runs the story, stopped at an inn one night in Virginia, at which several young men were also staying. Soon a benignant-looking old gentleman came up in a broken gig. In attire he was negligent, and his every appearance as to dress was that of some ordinary countryman. The young men began to talk of the eloquence they had heard that day at the bar, and to compare it with the pulpit eloquence of the times. The talk finally drifted into a discussion of the Christian religion, which was faring badly at their hands. The strange old gentleman listened intently for



hours "with the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he were adding new stores of information to his mind." Finally, his opinion was asked, and his opportunity had come. And then a most eloquent and unanswerable appeal in behalf of the Christian religion was made for nearly an hour. Every argument advanced by those young men during the hours they had been talking was met in the order in which it had been advanced. "Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been done by Campbell. And in the whole there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered. An attempt to describe it, said the traveler, would be to paint the sunbeams."

The man who so eloquently defended the Christian religion was John Marshall, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, than whom the world has known, nor will know, none greater.

After his death it was said by his daughter that he never went to bed without kneeling in prayer, concluding with those his mother had taught him when a child—the Lord's Prayer, and the familiar child prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." It may seem strange that a man of such religious principle was never a member of any church. It is said that he was for many years unable to accept the orthodox teachings as to the divinity of Christ, but that during the last months of his life all these things became clear to him. He wished to make public profession and so declined to have the sacraments of the church privately administered. Before this could be attended to in regular form his last sickness came upon him and he passed on into the life beyond.

At a time when this man will be remembered all over the country, and his services as a jurist specially dwelt upon, it is well to recall what he was in other ways. So shall we hand down to the future one of the lives that has gone into much that is valuable in the past of our country.

That the pastor of one of the leading Methodist churches in San Francisco should state

that the revival methods of the last century are not now effective in winning men to Christ is significant. This is what Dr. Beard, of Grace church, was frank enough to admit a few days ago in conversation with a minister of another denomination. This was said to be true not only among people brought up under Congregational and Presbyterian influences, but even among those of Methodist antecedents and inclinations, in which circles the revival has worked most powerfully. In view of this a series of services is in progress in Grace church this week at which strong preachers are speaking on some of the great themes of the Bible. Sunday evening the Rev. Dr. A. H. Briggs spoke on "God Our Father." Tuesday evening the Rev. Dr. F. B. Cherington spoke on "Christ, Our Divine-Human Brother." For Thursday evening the Rev. Dr. Kummer is announced to speak on "Immortality"; Friday, Dr. Dille on "The Records of Revelation"; Sunday, Rev. H. F. Briggs on "Sin and Its Consequences"; Tuesday, January 29th, the Rev. Dr. E. A. Woods on "The Meaning of Salvation"; Thursday, January 31, "The Reasonableness of Christianity's Message to Men," will be treated by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Kerr; Friday of the same week the Rev. Dr. George C. Adams will give answer to the question, "Is It Our Duty to Believe?" and on Sunday Dr. McClish will present "The Church and Its Claims." A fine list of topics! And an able lot of ministers to consider them! Those services, if well attended by persons who are not professing Christians, and if intermingled with the right kind and amount of personal work, ought to result in bringing not a few to a stand for Christ. In our opinion it is work along just such lines that has been marked by the best results in the past, and all things indicate that it is to have a greater measure of success in the future.

Calvary Presbyterian church does not propose to neglect wholly the region in San Francisco from which it has moved. Somewhere in the neighborhood of its old building it plans to establish a coffee-house, with reading rooms, etc., to counteract the influence of the saloon and other places of vice.



## Notes.

San Francisco will be one of the leading convention cities this year. The Epworth League meeting in July will be followed in October by the Triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal church. It is thought that the latter will be attended by at least a thousand delegates. Among the laymen of prominence will be Chief-Justice Fuller and J. Pierpont Morgan.

It is a difficult matter to secure a pastor for such a church as the First Presbyterian of Oakland. Since Dr. Coyle's departure for Denver, the church has been casting about all over the country for a suitable successor. Many looked longingly toward a New England Congregational pastor, but he would not allow his name to be considered. It now looks as if the elect man will be the Rev. Dr. E. E. Baker of the Woodland Avenue church of Cleveland. Dr. Baker has consented to come to look over the field, and it is thought that a call and an acceptance are sure to result.

The attempt of Madame Loyson, wife of Pere Hyacinthe, to unify the great monotheistic religions of the world, will be watched with much interest. Some indication of what the unified religion would be, if the plans succeed, is found in what she says of Turkey: "No one dies of starvation in Turkey. There are no infidels, no drunkards, and no outcast women in all the Moslem world." "There is but one God," it is true, is a belief on which many can unite, but it is quite too narrow a plank on which to organize much of a church, even though its foundations be laid in the city in which Christianity was cradled.

Noting the acceptance of the call to the pastorate at Palo Alto by the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, the Searchlight mentions his temporary work with the Anti-Saloon League as follows: "His labors in the Anti-Saloon League were of that masterful kind, so characteristic of all his labors. He is an untiring worker, giving careful attention to outlining and executing the details of work. He is at home among men of largest business experience and resources, and has wrought most grandly for the cause of temperance reform during these months of his connection with the League. He is president of the Southern California League, and one of the wisest of its counsellors; ever faithful in attendance upon the meetings of the Executive Committee, and ever ready to afford aid and encouragement to the superintendent and field workers."

The California Christian Advocate com-

ments on the removal of Calvary Presbyterian church to the corner of Fillmore and Jackson streets, San Francisco, and holds that it is a mistake. The Advocate says: "This puts three Presbyterian churches in the same quarter of the city, and, if we are correctly informed, leaves no Presbyterian church east of Van Ness avenue. The entire downtown population, so far as the Presbyterian Church is concerned, is left unchurched." If the members of the congregation reside in this new part of the city, and desire to build a new and modern church, they are abundantly able to do so. We doubt seriously the moral right under all the circumstances to sell Calvary and move to another part of the city. Stay with the people. Calvary was a great site for a mission church. The Presbyterians are able to have maintained it. We cannot understand this retreating policy. The city must be saved! is the cry, but commercialism overruns everything; \$240,000 should have been no temptation. Old Calvary should have stood for a thousand years in the heart of the city. We don't like to see Protestant churches leaving the people. The Methodists have been trying for many weeks and even months to get hold of a place suitably located in which to open another downtown work. We believe in new churches, modern churches, great churches among the residences of the rich, but we distinctly do not believe in selling out the old churches down among the poor."

The newspapers of the country generally have had only good things to say concerning the late Philip D. Armour. Not infrequently there is a disposition to speak derogatorily concerning men of great wealth, and without discrimination as to the manner of accumulating the wealth. It is gratifying to find not only the daily papers of Chicago speaking highly of Mr. Armour, but the religious weeklies as well. The Interior says: "He was conservative, satisfied with small profits, and though he became involved in two great deals it was because he ran into them in the regular course of his business. Of the pork 'corner' out of which he made a million and a half, he kept saying at the time that he was not running a corner—that people needed bacon, and that he was only trying to supply them with a good article. If some New York speculators had not jumped on him because they thought him short, they would not have gone away leaving their money in his pocket—and it was the same in the wheat deal which became so famous. \* \* \* His religious work, like all that he did, was energetic, thorough, and well planned. He would have done more



of it but for the habit of his life of looking after it closely, himself, while, with his immense business responsibilities he could only take on a given quantity. Armour Institute grew out of his Sunday-school class. In pushing his class work forward he constantly found it growing in requirements, and when these were met, as far as they arose, the aggregate was seen to be a great educational institution. His generosity was very wide. It is said that his pension roll was not much short of his pay roll. A big, hearty, whole-souled, magnanimous and generous Christian gentleman was Philip D. Armour." At a time when so much is being said of the selfishness of men of wealth, it is well to remember what this man was. If there were more like him there would not be so much envy and hatred of wealthy men; but there would be considerable no matter how nobly all might act.

### *The Bystander.*

#### **Health and Happiness.**

The Bystander had an opportunity the other evening of visiting an institution dedicated to the gospel of good health. It was commencement time, and a large class graduated. The age of the students ranged from four years to one hundred and four, the oldest having seen three centuries. The students are from all walks of life, for the most part, however, from the middle class. Most of them are young women; many are in quest of health, which they are supposed to receive by exercise, diet and dress. Probably fifteen hundred people were present and hundreds were unable to gain admission. The Bystander reflected upon this indication of an enthusiasm in a right direction. He studied the energetic man, Professor Hoover, at the head of the movement.

As The Bystander came away, he decided that the world would be happier and better if we didn't eat so much, and sleep so little, and dress so foolishly; that good lungs, good sound livers and good stomachs have an important place in the lives of people. He believes that the gift of sleep is being destroyed by the inclination to turn night into day. It is fair to conclude that people generally do not get enough sleep. The Bystander remembers an old man of his boyhood who always went to bed at eight o'clock sharp. The Bystander ridiculed that idea then, but that old man is still living and still retiring at eight o'clock.

Some men have the faculty of catching "forty winks" at their will. Napoleon could sleep three or five minutes in the saddle and

Ben Butler could refresh his mind in the same way.

The way we Americans eat is suicidal. If the American stomach holds out for another century it will be a wonder. We eat fast, early and late—and die fast.

Good health is the inspiration of the best thought. You can trace good health in literature. "Is life worth living"? "It depends upon the liver," answers a wit. Another has raised the question whether a man can be a good Christian with a disordered liver. Certainly, health influences life. Exercise vitalizes thought. It paints rainbows in sermons. It makes a man hopeful. Gladstone's axe put force into his pen. The Bystander has observed a class of individuals who make diet a fad. Did you ever meet such a man? He uses "new foods," lives hygienically, and is always doctoring. How unhappy he would be if he arose some morning and found himself as perfect as the Apollo Belvedere. It is a bad habit—this hypochondria, this imagining oneself ill. Some people are never quite happy unless they take a certain amount of medicine every day. This leads to the thought that the mind is the ruler of the body, or at least may control the physical situation. Exercise doesn't amount to much if the mind is discontented. Exercise, like godliness, with contentment, is great gain. The little worries of the mind prevent exercise from producing good effects. People worry too much. A man who is in the habit of crossing the bridge before he gets to it will not live out his three score and ten. Worry kills more people than fever, for the fever of the mind is the most destructive of all. Such people never realize Shakespeare's ideal old age in "As You Like It"—

"Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty but kindly."

#### **Business and Religion.**

The Bible is a business man's book. Ships of trade, moving caravans of commerce, land and cattle deals—these are in the Bible, and the business men range from Abraham to Matthew.

The nineteenth century is the century of the business man. There have been ages of art and discovery and conquest. The last century is the age of the dollar. Great names are associated with commercial enterprise, and the making of fortunes.

Money-making is not wrong if it is made legitimately. It is a noble passion. The healing up of the industrial system made it possible to suddenly accumulate wealth. The twentieth century will (unless present signs fail) be the century of the higher use of money.



Already our philanthropists point to that time and men are beginning to execute their own wills and put their money where others cannot quarrel about it.

It will also be the age, let us urge, of the right use of the gifts necessary to successfully carry on a business enterprise. The consecration of business qualities would insure a greater return for the Church and State. It is wrong to put men over other people's interests who cannot superintend their own. We send men to the Legislature who are often totally unfit to conduct their own private business. Our cities are often ruled by unsuccessful men. We run a railroad on a business basis—not so our cities, where there is no system of promotion, or no very permanent places of trust.

The application of business principles to the Church would certainly prevent some things which we must now regret. The Bystander is constantly reminded, for example, of the waste of money by all denominations throughout California, where most of the smaller towns are overchurched. Certainly, men would not put into such towns a half-dozen blacksmith shops, or grocery stores, or schoolhouses. Why plant three times as many churches as are necessary? There should be, at the very least, one hundred churches fewer in California. This is not a new complaint. It is an old one, but no sentiment for the denomination can disregard the principle of business.

#### Mr. Coleman and His Gift.

The Bystander attended a meeting the other evening at the Y. M. C. A., where he listened to a quiet speech by a type of business man which honors the Church and the country. When he had concluded his "few remarks," the chairman of the meeting drove home every word the speaker had uttered by adding that "Mr. Edward Coleman had just given \$10,000 to the Y. M. C. A., toward the relief of its heavy debt." That is the kind of a man that counts in the world. That is a fine combination of business and religion.

#### The Queen of England

The passing of Victoria is an event of universal importance. The political conditions of the world are affected by such an event. Victoria goes to her grave with a broken heart. "Rachael weeping for her children," the Queen sorrowing over her subjects. She has been honored, not alone for her sovereign power, but for her spotless womanhood. She may have been a great Queen; she certainly was a good woman.

The Bystander saw her upon the occasion of her last ride through Trafalgar Square,

London, and the enthusiasm of the multitudes broke all bounds. It was a grand sight, but it marked the passing of one era and the beginning of another in English political life. With the death of Queen Victoria and the Pope of Rome, a new regime may be inaugurated in the old world.

#### Church Extension Society.

The annual meeting is to be held at First Congregational church, San Francisco, on Tuesday evening, February 5th. The social hour at 5:30 p. m. will be followed by a "plain tea," at 25 cents per plate. At 7 o'clock the regular business session will be called to order and reports for the year be made. The address of the evening is to be by Rev. Charles R. Brown of Oakland.

The ladies of the several San Francisco churches are to furnish the repast, kindly giving the net proceeds to the Extension Society. The tables will seat many and it is hoped a large number will be present. The ladies are preparing for three hundred, and it is hoped they will not be disappointed.

Each church and the Seminary is entitled to two delegates, and it is suggested that, as in former years, three honorary delegates be elected. The suggestion is made that even more of the latter may be sent, and that no two be from the same family. Let as many homes as possible be represented. If pastors and friends will heartily co-operate, what an occasion for fellowship and practical helpfulness this may become!

#### An Estimable Work.

The First Congregational church of Palo Alto with one accord express their deep appreciation of the excellent work of Rev. F. E. Culver of Pasadena. Four months of consecrated service has been crowned with most satisfactory results—the organization of a new church.

Those whose privilege it has been to come into the fellowship of the church during this formative period have felt the influence of Mr. Culver's kindly spirit and his tactful, genuine, Christian methods. "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory" has been the keynote of every step of progress. Patient, cheerful endeavor on his part has elicited the same from the whole membership, who are desirous of fulfilling Mr. Culver's optimistic prophecy for the work of the church. In this spirit of devotion and service the church awaits the arrival of the pastor and his wife—Rev. and Mrs. Baldwin, who are assured a very cordial reception to this field of labor.

Mary J. Greene.



### A Man's Self-Possession.

By Rev. W. C. Kantner, D.D.

Peter, the apostle, in obedience to the heavenly vision, seeks the home of Cornelius, the Roman centurion, and is met at the door by that truth-seeker, who, in mistaken conception of the real character of the teacher sent of God, falls in the attitude of worship at his feet. To him, however, Peter hastes to say, "Stand up; I myself also am a man."

It is a great thing for a man to be able to assert his manhood. In this case Peter does so. He more than denies his right to receive the worship of Cornelius. He insists upon the possession of the qualities of manhood. He is in possession of himself. One of the great thinkers of this country in his work on Ethics declares that man owes a threefold duty to himself. This duty consists in self-possession, self-cultivation and self-control. Self-possession, it would seem, includes self-control; for the man in possession of himself will certainly have control of himself. But what is self-possession? Ordinarily, we call that man self-possessed who, in time of great excitement, exhibits good judgment, and acts deliberately and wisely.

There is a larger meaning to be attached to the term. "It is that entering into his own life by which a man assumes his responsibilities and maintains his proper independence and reveals his truest manhood." In its out-working, it builds and strengthens the individual in his whole life, physical, moral, and spiritual, and determines the self-poised supremacy of such a life. There are individuals in the form of men whose words belie their character when they assume to assert their manhood. You hear some one say, "I myself also am a man," and you feel that it is not true. He may have the form, but he does not possess himself as a man." The true man can not be a fragmentary man; "he is always a whole man."

Some striking illustrations of the fragmentary man readily occur to us. First of all, the man who is the slave of an evil habit is not in possession of himself. It is hardly true of any slave, but certainly it is not true of the self-made slave that he is in possession of his manhood. He cannot say, "I myself also am a man. He lacks one of the essential qualities of manhood—freedom. He belongs to another. He looks at a cigar and is compelled to say, "That is my master." Or, he confesses himself a victim of the drink habit or the profanity habit. His temper may be his master; he may be fashion's slave, or his passions and appetites may reign over him with despotic power. Such a man is but a fragment of a man, and in the effort to help him, how fre-

quently we say to him, "Be a man!"

"Give me that man that is not passion's slave,  
And I will wear him in my heart's core."

"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." True manhood involves the mastery over all these debasing, enslaving habits, and the illustration of that self-possession that marks the higher manhood and gives emphasis to the assertion, "I am a man."

Then, too, self-possession excludes the dominion of inexcusable ignorance. It is true that we but know in part, but it is also true that we do know, or can know. Partial knowledge does not involve total ignorance. The knowable may come into the range of our knowledge to a greater or lesser extent. And the ignorance for which we have no reasonable excuse subtracts that much from our manhood. Inexcusable ignorance is a sin, a crime. "My people is destroyed for lack of knowledge." Man is a spirit, a soul, a mind. Think of the wonderful faculties with which that mind is dowered!

Shall a man be counted in possession of himself who permits those wonderful faculties to go untrained, that marvelous soul to remain uninstructed? "Knowledge is power"; ignorance is weakness. No man who, through his ignorance, is the slave of another, is a free man. And no such individual can stand up and say with any degree of confidence, "I myself also am a man."

The man who says he cannot lead a Christian life is not in possession of himself. Granted that no man can do that unless he have help divine, yet there are those who, when they say they cannot live a Christian life, know that the promises of God assure them of the assistance of heaven, the presence of the Holy Spirit, the power of divine grace and the aid of all helpful influences, and still they say the Christian life is an impossibility for them. Environment, heredity or some other adverse influence is pleaded in justification of the position taken. It remains a fact, however, that there are no circumstances superior to God's grace when revealed in a consecrated personality. In vile Nero's household, there were saints who sent their greetings to their brethren in distant Philippi. Surely, they could have pleaded both heredity and environment, and with better reason than men of today. Instead, they were loyal and faithful to the Christian life, when to be so seemed to invite certain martyrdom. For a man to say he cannot be a Christian because of certain circumstances, is to confess an inability that he would not like to have others charge him with, and that confession is equivalent to an acknowledgment that a large part of himself is in subjection to alien forces.

And is it not true also that the man who,



through fear or shame, fails to take a decided stand with the moral and religious forces of the community is not in possession of himself? Self-possession excludes moral cowardice. Multitudes grant the truth, the beauty, the power of Christianity, and then, by reason of false ideas of self-respect or dignity, throw their influence with the forces of evil. Their self as they would have it, prefers the Christ; but their self as it really is, gives comfort to the enemy and helps the destroyers. They are not in possession of themselves. Can a man conscious of such want of self-mastery say with any measure of fitness, "I myself also am a man"?

Self-possession involves the highest manhood, and the highest, truest manhood and womanhood are to be found in personal fellowship with Jesus of Nazareth—

"Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood Thou;  
Our wills are ours, we know not how,  
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

Eschines once said to Socrates, "As I have nothing else to give, I will give myself." "Do so," was the reply, "and I will give thee back thyself better than when I received thee." So is it with those who come into the fellowship divine with Jesus. No man ever associates with Jesus without rising to higher levels of living. In his society noble principles blossom out into noble life. Finding in him the highest, holiest manhood, men are inspired to reproduce that manhood in their own lives. Christ made Paul. Christ transfigured Zacheus and Stephen, Peter and Matthew, and countless others. "A Christian is the highest style of man." Man discovers his truest self-possession in union with him who re-creates in us the spiritual likeness to God, and until he begins the new-creation life, he knows not the resplendent qualities that belong to manhood at its best.

Salem, Oregon.

### A Few Days in New Orleans.

From San Francisco to New Orleans I took that most delightful of all roads, the "Sunset." I don't believe any Californian appreciates the kindness and courtesy of the Southern Pacific till he travels on one of the Eastern roads; then he realizes the contrast. While the traveler is on one of the Southern Pacific lines, his individual wishes, inclinations and desires are of importance. They receive due consideration; but—the instant he steps on board a train belonging to another road, he feels he is in the hands of a large corporation. He is only one of a vast majority. His individuality is not to be for a moment considered; corporation first, individuals second.

On the Southern Pacific it is first individuals, second corporation.

After leaving the beautiful city of Los Angeles, we rode through the picturesque valley of San Gabriel, so famous in Californian history. The mountains are not high, but beautiful. As we passed through them at sunset, the colors shaded from gold to a deep purple; they made the valley warm, tender and beautiful, as Helen Hunt describes in her "Ramona." The country, all the way to New Orleans, was interesting. The sandy plains of Arizona and New Mexico, with the many varieties of cacti scattered over them. After the rains the plains of Texas are covered with flowers, which are quite different from the wild flowers of California. Through Louisiana we saw the sugar-cane and cotton fields. The cotton crop had been picked, but enough was left on the bushes for us to be able to imagine what it was like when ready for picking. A number of the gentlemen stepped off while the train stopped and picked a few pieces for the ladies. Each State offers some distinct charm and interest. One even feels just a little sorry when the trip is over and New Orleans is reached. New Orleans is such a quaint, foreign indolent city and the people have such charming manners—even the street urchins take off their hats when asked a question. The first place of interest is the French Market. At half-past six in the morning, I started to "do" the market. It is not what it was when New Orleans was at the height of her glory, but is still very interesting. The Market occupies four squares and one can buy meat, fish, vegetables, flowers, fruits, pins, needles, and various other little notions. After seeing the French Market and the "French quarters," the greatest point of interest to the tourist is Metairie Cemetery.

This is the finest cemetery in New Orleans. It is literally "a city of the dead." At the right of the entrance is the monument to the army of Tennessee. This is a high mound on the top of which rests a bronze statue of General Albert Sidney Johnston on horseback. General Johnston was a great admirer of fine horses; great care was taken to have the figure of the horse well executed. Another tomb of note is the one to the army of Northern Virginia; on this rests a shaft, at the top of which stands a statue of General Stonewall Jackson. In this tomb the body of Jefferson Davis rested for two years, when it was taken to Richmond. There is a brass tablet with the name Jefferson Davis written on it. No body but his has ever been placed in the vault. It will always be kept sacred to his memory. The Howard tomb is very fine; it cost forty-nine



thousand dollars. On the top stands the draped figure of a woman representing silence. Within the tomb, behind bars, is the figure of a man seated, his finger pressed to his lips; this represents Time. I have many times heard it said the reason the people of New Orleans bury their dead above ground was because New Orleans was below sea level, and as soon as they dig down a few feet they come to water. This is not true; the Jews bury their dead on the ground. The custom of burying the dead above ground is an old French custom. And as most of the old families came from France they brought many of their customs with them, this being one. The cemetery was once a race course. Mr. Howard wished to join but was rejected. Quietly he made up his mind to turn the race course into a cemetery. A short time before the lease expired he bought the property. When the managers of the race course wished to renew the lease they were told the property was sold. From a race track Mr. Howard changed it into the finest, most beautiful cemetery in New Orleans.

Max.

### Japanese Notes.

By J. D. D.

Japan is quietly moving on in many material lines of progress. She has commanded the admiration of the world by her well-taken part in the Chinese crisis, where her army was the best organized and equipped in all its departments of any of the armies which are operating there. The organization and equipment of the medical department was especially complete. There were, on an average, ten surgeons to each thousand men, beside the nurses, and the arrangements were made very complete to afford immediate relief on the fighting line, as well as in bandaging stations a little in the rear, and in field hospitals. Two Red Cross society's hospital ships, the Kosai Maru (Savior) and the Hakuai Maru (Mercy) accompanied the army to China. They are said to be the best of the kind in the world, and a patient in one of them can be as well cared for as in a first-class hospital.

The discipline of the army has also elicited the praise of all observers. Their conduct has put to shame the representatives of some of the so-called Christian countries.

The action of the government in issuing regulations which declare that no girl can be compelled to remain in a house of prostitution against her will, no matter for how long a period she has been sold, has brought dismay to the proprietors of these places all over the empire. More than one thousand inmates of these houses in Tokyo and vicinity have already left them, and several houses have been

closed in consequence. The Salvation Army and other missionaries are trying to provide homes and employment for the increasing number of those who thus give up their life of shame.

The rapidly expanding railways and manufacturing companies have been compelled to slacken their expansion somewhat. This is due to the dearth of money, on the one hand, and, in the case of the cotton mills, to the Chinese imbroglio, which shuts up for the time being the largest market for Japan's cotton goods.

The railways have been increasing their engines and rolling stock, and some of the lines have put on sleeping cars, and one line dining cars as well. There are now nearly four thousand miles of railways in operation, and the net earnings, last year, were nearly eleven per cent of the paid up capital. During the year 102,115,942 passengers were carried over the lines; the proportion of first class passengers to one thousand was only four and one-half, and of second class ten and one-tenth. The great mass of the travellers go third class.

As was foreshadowed in the great Conference of Missionaries in Tokyo, in October, the missionary body and the Christians of Japan are looking forward to the beginning of the new century with great hope, and faith, and with earnest preparations for united and aggressive work in carrying the gospel to as many as possible of the millions of Japan, during the next year. The Evangelical Alliance of the Japanese churches is trying to raise a special fund for this purpose, and to inaugurate an active campaign of gospel preaching with the beginning of the new year.

Kyoto, Dec. 20, 1900.

### Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Wise workers do not boast largely of spiritual results from special efforts. Pastor Braham has no stirring figures to report as result of his faith and prayers. He has seen the godly souls in his flock edified and drawn together in prayer and sympathy. There has been a decided showing of hands for new missionary interest. Some of these have not gone into the pocket for missionary money, nor gone up in promise of it, before. Some strangers have been drawn into the worshiping circle. Some good new books have gained circulation. Some hands have been promised for Christ and some hearts have new love for him. Some have promised attention to the matters of the soul. Others have new realization how much Christian neighbors do really care for their unconverted friends. In token of inter-



est in human kind there are new signs put up in the country to show to tourists the right roads. Others are in the paint shop getting ready. Ukiah Insane Asylum has great boxes of good reading matter from Cloverdale.

Jee Gam is to get a crumb of comfort and The Pacific is appreciated and praised for its faithful attention to any open door of opportunity. Let us not cease our love and our prayers for the sweet village which gave us so lately its large hospitality. May its gospel gladness and cheer run over into "Dry Creek" Valley. Brother Singer ought to go there and start a Sunday-school. It is a lovely and promising spot.

#### **Our Cradle Roll Darling.**

Many will remember the blue-eyed, fair-haired child who was the first candidate in church for Home Missionary Cradle Roll, introduced at the late delightful Association. (A Saratoga boy was first in a home.) She has walked willingly, with rejoicing steps, in the way promised by her child-vows. Her daily afternoon sleep has been sweet and welcome, that she might be rested for special evening services. An example for the saints to follow! Her little verse, "God is love," has chimed in with the praise of pious hearts and the old pastor-helper has been heartened by the child who has come, and would not stay home, "because he would miss me." It will be some uncommon stir in the "green fields of Eden," as the century wanes, which will keep an old boy-angel from looking down towards Cloverdale to watch for the darling's coming. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

#### **Wise Business Men!**

The dozen Cloverdale citizens met at the bank this week and unanimously voted that stores and barber shops should close that owners, clerks and horses might have Sundays of rest. They give ample notice by printed posters through the region and attach a forfeit of twenty-five dollars for each infraction of the wholesome rule. The forfeit money is to be applied to town charities. He who is first to transgress will lose more than twenty-five dollars from his best customers. Let every possible word of mouth, and printed line of pure, progressive paper, and supporting letter, stand by this new century vow of this sweet dale of clover. It is full of the cream of kindness and bright buds of promise.

#### **Ninth Annual Citrus Fair.**

While many towns are talking of doing something Cloverdale has been doing it. There is not a house known to be for rent in the place. It is a solid little town of homes. The Cloverdale citrus fair holds its ninth annual meeting February 20th to 23d, inclusive. The springs are running merrily around the roots

of the competing trees, and if the two I have seen are specimens they are worthy of a booth at Riverside. I've not seen such orange clusters since old Seminole bucked with me in Florida when I tickled his ribs with a long sack full of "Bitter Sweets" on the St. John's river in Florida. Music! Flowers!! Entertainments!!! Grandpas, aunts, uncles, cousins and lovers are coming into the town and chickens are setting up their perches high. A man paid 25 cents for the crumbs at a swept table last year, and unless McKinley puts a stop to his prosperity wave they will bring a dollar this year. Safe to bring lunch-baskets! The California and Northwestern railroad run special trains from the city. You better speak early for a ticket, a bed and a breakfast. If I didn't live at Saratoga,—!

#### **The Appalling Cost of Crime.**

A paper was presented by Eugene Smith, of New York, at the recent session of the Prison Congress in Cleveland, O., in which he held that it was a great mistake to take the cost of maintaining prisons, police, and criminal courts as the measure of the share of public taxation properly chargeable to crime. The expense of the legislative and executive departments of the government would show upon analysis a very large fraction as chargeable against crime. This is also true of the expense of the judicial department of the government. The vast sums annually expended by the American people for charities, public and private, were contributions made necessary more largely by results of crime than by all other causes combined, and Mr. Smith estimated that at least one-half of the cost of maintaining public charities should be attributed to crime. The statistics of certain representative cities—such as New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Saint Louis, San Francisco and New Orleans—were analyzed for the purpose of arriving at an estimate of the cost of crime. In New York, for instance, the outlays for 1899 wholly chargeable to crime were found to be \$12,988,804. In this sum are included the expenses of the Department of Correction, the district attorney's office, police, courts of General and Special Sessions, city magistrates' courts, and special commissioner of jurors. In addition to this sum a large fraction of the expense of the sheriff's office, estimated at about \$7,789,259, must be added, making a total of more than \$20,000,000 out of a total tax list of \$90,000,000 chargeable to crime. Mr. Smith, in summing up his arguments, showed that the cost of taxation per capita in New York is \$6; in San Francisco, \$5; and in the other cities named from \$3 to \$3.50.



The computation of the cost of crime for the whole of the United States, on the bases laid down by Mr. Smith, gives a total of \$200,000,000 chargeable to crime, of which \$105,000,000 is city taxation, \$45,000,000 town and county taxes, and \$50,000,000 Federal and State taxation. To this enormous sum should be added, however, Mr. Smith claims, an estimate of the income lost in this country by persons who devote their lives to criminal practices. He estimates the number of criminals in the United States at 250,000, and allowing \$1,600 to represent an average annual income he arrives at a total of \$400,000,000 as the aggregate annual income lost through crime, which added to the increased cost of taxation would give a grand aggregate of \$600,000,000 as the actual cost of crime to this country.

This is simply the financial side of the question. No figures can possibly represent the greater cost of criminality in this or any other country. The sorrows and sufferings of the innocent, the shattered reputations, the entailed hardships, the sense of insecurity, the lowering of the moral tone, and the numberless disintegrating influences that are inevitably associated with criminality cannot be tabulated or in any way subjected to statistical representation.

### Flashes from the Lamp of a Student—I.

By Prof. R. R. Lloyd.

These flashes may throw a little cheerful light upon familiar and precious objects, and thus may reveal some new beauties in them.

In Philippians ii:8, I read these words: "And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient until death, yea, death of a cross." This translation differs from those of the Authorized and Revised Versions in that it omits the two definite articles which are inserted, the one before "death," the other before "cross." The absence of the articles, as in Greek, emphasizes the nature of the death—"death of a cross." A Jewish malefactor was stoned to death by Jews. To die in this way would have been very humiliating; but to die on a cross was far more disgraceful than to perish by stoning, for it implied that he was put to death by uncircumcised heathen. No degradation could have been greater than this. Paul tells the Philippians that Jesus, of his own accord, descended to this deepest of depths; hence, God exalted him to the highest point of honor.

God is the Light, the great Primal Light which, though unseen, makes all things visible, clothing itself in colors; the eye cannot perceive the ray, but the heart feels the warmth which emanates from it.—Richter.

## Woman's Board.

From Miss Mary Perkins, India.

Hindu Girls' School.

We have this year for the first time sent a fourth standard from the Hindu Girls' School to the primary examination, and we were pleased to have them all pass.

The girls of this standard have conducted themselves so much like Christians that it has been difficult for us to distinguish them in thought from our Christian children. In their Hindu homes they have witnessed so good a confession that their parents have complained to the teachers; they have been unwilling to worship the household gods and rub the sacred ashes on their foreheads.

It is with regret that we realize that we may not be able to exert as direct an influence upon them as formerly. They have passed the highest standard in the school and we shall therefore not have them with us, but we hope to keep in touch with them and that religious impressions already received may be deepened.

All of the girls of the school attend regularly the church services, morning prayers, as well as two school prayer-meetings every week, one of which is together with the Christian children. They are as devout in appearance as any of our children; many of them lead in prayer and take part in the exercises, as children of Christian parentage do. We have recently met, in another district, an educated Christian Brahmin woman, of great influence, whose earliest impressions in favor of Christianity were formed while attending a mission school. We can but believe that the precious seed of the kingdom, which is being sown in the hearts of the little girls who attend the Hindu school, will not return unto God void. They devote their weekly offerings to the pastor's salary.

### Station Boarding School.

The results of the Boarding School's examinations have been very satisfactory this year, showing good work on the part of the teachers and students. We have had a much larger attendance than last year.

A notable and interesting fact is that eleven Hindu boys have attended the school as boarders, notwithstanding caste prejudices, showing the high estimation in which some of the Hindus of the station regard our Boarding school. Three of the boys are sons of officials of high standing, and if converted to Christ, will be able to exert a wide influence in favor of Christianity throughout the station. A special hour for Bible study with these Hindu boys has been observed by the missionary



when not in the district. Three of them wrote for the prize Bible Union examination this year.

There has been a healthful religious growth in the school; seven of the children have united with the church; of this number several boys are conducting a Sunday-school among Christian children, who live at too great a distance to attend the church Sunday-school.

#### Bible Women's Work.

We close the year with grateful hearts because of the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit in our midst during the past months, as shown in the quickened spiritual life of the Bible women and in the deep interest evinced by Hindu women in the preaching of the gospel.

I have never before seen in India such a willingness on the part of Hindu women to hear and receive the Word. During one of my visits to a certain Hindu home, as the Word was taught, a woman said more than once, with emphasis, "What you say is the truth." Another woman who was present, as we spoke of the joys of heaven and of the mansion which the Lord Jesus had gone to prepare for his disciples, interrupted by asking, "Oh, how can I get there?"

One of our readers, a widow, has, we believe, become a Christian. She attends the church services, occasionally, and would do so more frequently did she not fear the opposition of relatives. She has confessed Christ in her home in various ways, although persecuted for so doing; she refuses to pay vows or offer sacrifices to idols and she recently told a sunniyasi (a religious mendicant) that she was a Christian and could not pay tribute to him, but she still lacks the one thing needful, namely, courage to forsake all and cast in her lot with the despised sect. A mother of one of the readers has been so touched by the truth as to express a wish that the male members of her household would accept Christianity, so that she might become an open follower.

Another reader has renounced many heathen ceremonies because she now believes that acts of self-righteousness will not avail to the saving of her soul.

Still another reader, a girl widow, when restored from a serious illness asked her friends not to give, as proposed, an offering of money to the heathen deity because the Lord Jesus had healed her through the prayers of the Bible women.

A recent incident shows how God is blessing even seed sown by the wayside. One of the Bible women was preaching in a rich Hindu home in Tirumangalam, where a shepherd

woman was at work; the shepherd woman overheard the teaching and remarked that it was good but that she had no time to listen to preaching. The Bible woman told her that she would teach her a verse that she might repeat while at work, the verse was, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

The shepherd woman's home is in an adjacent village. A few days ago the Bible woman, while touring in the villages, chanced to stop at this village and in the crowd which gathered to hear the preaching was this working-woman.

When the Bible woman questioned her she replied that she not only repeated the verse very often herself but that she had taught it to ten other women. Since the recent riots there has been a marked change in the attitude of the Shanars of Tirumangalam towards Christianity; formerly, that were very unapproachable, but for the past few months they have opened their hearts and doors to us. At this crisis the Bible women have been a very useful factor in spreading the gospel message among them, as they have access to their homes, where pastor and catechist cannot go.

They have preached almost daily in these homes with the result that the women seem willing and eager to have the claims of the gospel pressed upon them and many of them have expressed themselves as desirous of becoming Christians. A number of these women with their children have attended the church services and have seemed impressed, several of the Shanar readers come to the bungalow to learn to sew and we have had an accession of twelve Shanar children to the Girls' Hindu school.

We rejoice that the Bible women are being used at this time in preparing the way for the coming of the Lord among this people. When the men of the caste are ready to embrace christianity, which we trust may be soon, they will find no hindrance in their women.

We have added one new Bible woman to the staff this year. She is working among the Christian women of a flourishing congregation where the male members are fairly educated, but their wives and daughters have been for the most part ignorant women unable to read. We believe this Bible woman is doing a much-needed and good work. She also teaches a few heathen women.

The Bible women of the station have done some itineracy work this year which has been a stimulus to their own spiritual life and has brought, we believe, glory to the Master.

They visit villages, two by two, preaching and teaching the Word. In one village which they visited, with one of our pastors, six young men were induced to break away from their



old life and religion and accept Christ. The women returned rejoicing bringing their sheaves with them.

## The Sunday School.

Lesson V. February 3, 1901.

**Watchfulness, Enjoined and Rewarded (Matt. xxv: 1-10).**

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

Christ's character was the foundation of his words. And that which forms the staple of his teaching was also the rule of his life. That rule, as relates to this parable, might be expressed in a single word—timeliness. His whole conduct was determined by it. Recall, e. g., the frequent recurrence of phrases like these: "His hour was not yet come," "the hour is come"; "knowing that his hour was come"; they were pivotal points. Duty, in his view of it, could be neither anticipated nor delayed. No matter how necessary it might appear, it became duty only when it was due. The morrow must take thought for the things of itself, but must not be loaded by the things of today. It was this constant habit of timely action, which enabled him, at the close of life, to affirm, "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do."

This is not to say that his work followed an undeviating plan, which admitted of no interruptions. Quite the contrary. His days were full of unexpected demands, compelling modification, often complete reversal of his plans (Mark vi: 30 ff.). No busy housekeeper ever found herself more unable to follow out a prescribed order for the day. A large part of his work was in the form of wayside ministries. Calls for service were sprung upon him every hour, and from every quarter. All these distractions, however, did not touch the heart of his mission. They were simply disclosures of that larger and more comprehensive order, which constituted his Father's business, and conformity to which was the real duty of the hour. In this sense, therefore, he took short looks ahead, doing with his might the task of the present, and holding himself ever ready for 'ye nexte thyng.' That was his habit; that was his strenuous injunction for his followers, and that is the principal which he has incorporated in this parable. It is all summed up and expressed in the closing word—watch.

Christ's estimate of this earthly life is a vital point in his determination of becoming conduct. In his view it was no rounded whole, self-centred and complete, but a fraction merely, a single stage in the evolution of life. Its characteristics are all those which befit a

period of preparation. The kingdom of heaven, in its present aspects, is like that, Christ says.

In this parable he pictures the ideal life as an experience of joy; bringing together all bright and glad elements, and embodying them in a marriage feast. It was a favorite illustration of our Lord, and one which appeals to universal humanity. Is it not very significant also, how as the shadows closed around him, and the Cross loomed before him, and its loneliness oppressed him, these marriage and festal scenes should be so frequent in his thoughts and words? How pathetic that desire of his to meet his beloved family once more in a social meal, "before I suffer," and how tenderly inspiring his references to the home which awaited him; the preparation of which for their glad union should be his care.

So life looked to Christ; so he was nerved by "the joy set before him," to endure the Cross, despising the shame; and so again, in this parable, he draws aside the separating screen and for a moment lets our glance take in the glory of the life beyond.

For that life the present is not only antecedent but preparatory. This is its distinctive feature. He suggests it to us by the case of those bridesmaids. The interval between their first notification and the coming of the bridal party, was for precisely this end. Dresses, lamps, oil, all, were to be provided, and they themselves kept in a state of readiness for the summons, whenever it might come. For that purpose the time allotted was sufficient, but not excessive. The work of preparation was not burdensome. They need not be hurried in it. It called only for reasonable care and fidelity. And when this was completed they had only to wait. So, "while the bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept," as they had a perfect right to do. It is your right too, O worried and anxious soul, to "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." Under such conditions there need be nothing terrifying in the awakening, however sudden. So Jesus met every call to service with never-failing calmness, simply because he was prepared for it. He was using this life for the purpose for which it was given.

There is no reason why it should not be so in any case. A quiet mind, indeed, ought to be the support of every one, to whom God's service is as meat and drink. John Wesley's temper might be the boon of every Christian. Asked what would be his conduct, if he knew he were to die that night, he replied by mentioning his various engagements for the day, all of which he would go through, and then, committing his soul to God, lie down to sleep,



and wake in glory. Any one whose heart is where John Wesley's was, has equal right to his calm assurance. Nobody else has.

Christ's parable, however, suggests that this life signifies opportunity as well as preparation. His whole earthly conduct does the same. The time limit was ever before him. "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." These last fateful days, in particular, were filled with the strenuous exertion of one who realizes that he must do quickly what is needed for finishing his work. And this intensity of emotion we must read into the parable, if we are to get at its full significance.

The waiting time is ended, and the awakening cry is heard: "Behold! the Bridegroom!" It summons to new duties; it closes the period of preparation. Alas for those whom it finds unprepared! The flickering flame only too clearly reveals their culpable folly. Vain is their application to friends; vain their frenzied haste to repair their fault. The door is shut. It will not yield before their trembling hands. And to their piteous appeal, there comes back, from behind the close-shut door, only the heart-breaking rebuff: "I know you not."

Is not the teaching of the parable sufficiently clear? Is it not illustrated every day where those who have squandered their advantages of youth, of education, of business, of social advancement, of manly virtue, awake from their ill-timed security, only to find the prize slipping from their grasp, past recall? Does not daily life present numberless mournful parallels to these unready virgins, returning from their spasmodic efforts to do the work of life in life's last hour, and vainly knocking at the door of entrance to the festal joys of the heavenly life?

Prepared blessings for prepared souls—that is the truth to be riveted upon our too forgetful hearts. It is the law of life. There is no getting around it. Tickets of admission are not family, but personal and individual. And they are "not transferable"; especially in the higher ranges. The virtue, or the piety, of one cannot be made over to another. Every man must bear his own burden. Every man must make his own preparation, and there is a time limit to his opportunities for doing this, which, if neglected, may never return.

At midnight the cry went forth—the hour of deepest slumber and general unexpectedness. That, too, is apt to be the feature of crises. They show what we are; but they allow scant time for making good deficiencies. It is hard to change front in face of a foe. Those that are ready enter into the prepared feast. And the door which shuts them in to

light and joy shuts the others out to darkness and despair. Does this crisis come this side the grave to any, as respects the great prize of life? Is it inextricably linked to the article of death? Out of the shadows of our questionings we see the Master advance, "his face more marred than any man's and his form more than the sons of men," yet with the light of heaven upon his brow; and from his lips of love we receive our message, watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour."

## Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. K. Goodell.

### Christian Endeavor Day (Josh. i:1-11).

Topic for February 3d.

The best farmer I ever knew in New England had the habit of taking a walk over his farm occasionally on a tour of inspection. His object did not appear to be to admire his broad acres and his well kept fields so much as to discover where improvements could be made. He would walk around some swampy hollow and plan its drainage and the re-turfing of its surface. And very soon you would see the men at work there digging ditches, tearing up the tough sod and grubbing out the tangled brush and brambles. Then he would examine some rocky knoll, and say to himself: "This is unsightly and unproductive; I must remove this from my lands." Then we would hear the drills at work, the blasts exploding, and the workmen burying or carting off the debris. Each year the neighbors could see that farm becoming more and more attractive, more and more productive, and the owner more comfortable and prosperous.

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This is a good object lesson for Endeavorers. It is well to have Endeavor Day. Let us take a tour of inspection, not to admire ourselves or the improvements we have made in the world, but to find the spots which can be changed and made more productive. Instead of lingering around our past successes and burning red fire, and sending up rockets, let us talk about what needs to be done and plan the best ways of doing it. We will notice that the significance of this reference to Joshua is in the fact that there remained "much land to be possessed," and he with his band was the man to do it. It might be well to begin right here. It ought not to take us long in any society to see that the opportunity for accomplishing something is awaiting our earnest effort. I have heard of some societies being disbanded; but surely, that could not have occurred because there were not some matters right around their doors which they might have improved.



It would be a great advance for some of us in this new year if we could become impressed that our work is not to maintain an organization or an institution; but that our society is a part of God's world-wide work. He has called us together and organized us to cover with our efforts a certain definite part of his field. So it is our business to take up the next thing by our side, no matter how small or large, and see that it is well done—done so well that our Lord will be willing to call it his work. If we have this spirit on Endeavor day, we will map out in our minds the parts of our labor, little or large, which could be improved. Let it be remembered that a few things well done are better for the kingdom than a larger number poorly executed. It would be to the advantage of Christ's work in some instances, if the time of the Endeavorers were a little more evenly divided between praying and keeping the church grounds in a more tidy condition; in arousing a better habit in those late-comers to church, who come in five minutes past the hour every Sunday; in cultivating the Christian Endeavor tone and refinement during the week when we are out in the breezy world; and in blasting out from ourselves, by drill and dynamite, if need be, those disagreeable traits, modes of expression and tones of voice which often discount our influence and efficiency. No matter how beautiful a bed of pansies may be, two tall weeds will greatly lessen its attractiveness and impression.

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Another work which greatly needs to be done in some instances is to tone up the pastor's courage. It will not do to take it for granted that he is too divine to require this attention. The pressure upon the pulpit to weaken its spiritual tone is tremendous. The demand of the present for something "practical," which is all right in its proportion, is obscuring our attention to those personal efforts to a sensitive conception of sin and holiness, and the culture of our souls in meditative acquaintance with God. If you have any words of cheer to give to your pastor, give them with your strongest accent when he does this kind of work. Do not be effusive in your appreciation when he preaches on the "labor question" or "the mistakes of the fathers" or "the Boer war," and then remain dumb or weak when he preaches on sin and righteousness and a judgment to come. We pastors all like to do what we see is most effective. By crowding right up to the front and expressing your warmest interest in our searching, spiritual sermons, you would keep a good many of us from "swinging round the circle" quite as much. Above all, on this Endeavor

Day, establish high values for every genuine work for Christ. The trickling stream on the mountain side finds its way to the river; the river to the sea; from the sea to the clouds again; and from the skies it falls once more to repeat its course of usefulness on the earth. So with every stroke you give of real effort for God, it finds its way through all the streams of influence among men until it mingles with the mighty tides of God's power, never ceasing to do its part in those eternal forces of his which forever work in redeeming men and bringing them to their perfected glory.

### A Beautiful Life Ended.

C. C. Cragin.

A sweet and beautiful life closed on earth December 19th, 1900, when Julia Martin Cook, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cook of Rio Vista, California, passed away, after five weeks of suffering from malignant scarlet fever. Every day brought its alternation of hope and despair as the physician and nurse in constant attendance battled with the disease, and the dear girl aided them with a marvelous patience; but God had other work for her, and he called her up higher, when she had gladdened the hearts of parents and friends less than nine years.

Julia Cook was born April 14, 1892. She was a child of especial promise. She loved books, and was busy with them at an age when most children care only for play. Yet she was strong and active before her last sickness, and enjoyed her dolls and games like any healthy child. Her scholarship at school was exceptionally good and her deportment perfect. Her memory was very retentive. At five years of age she learned and recited the fifty-nine lines of Pollok's verse, "The Dying Mother and Her Babe." She read and re-read her Child's Pictorial Bible till she knew its stories by heart, and she took it with her in the casket, when she left her weeping friends, to show it to the Savior whom she loved. She was ready every Sunday with a verse from the Bible at Sunday-school, when the children were called on for individual recitations. Born in prayer, she learned the language and the spirit of prayer at her parent's knee.

All these things were of great value in the heavy trials of her last days on earth. She never shed a tear; she uttered no word of complaint. "She opened her mouth like a little bird, to take her medicine," said her nurse. She made the sick-room beautiful by her calmness and trustfulness. She would answer questions as to how she felt: "I'm pretty well," or, "I'm better," or "I'm all right." Once toward the last she said, "Tell God,—" and then



stopped, and began again, "Tell God—," but the words failed her, and she said, "Ask me questions." "Do you want me to ask God to relieve your pain?" inquired her father. "Yes," was the feeble reply. The doctor gave her a soothing medicine; but she retained her clear perception as long as life. At one time she inquired, "Mamma, what are you crying for?" "Daughter, I am crying because you have so much pain." "I have no pain, mamma." She seemed to forget her pain in her anxiety not to distress others, and yet she was only a child. "I wish I could take all your pain," said her mother on another occasion, and the little sufferer answered sweetly and brightly, "Not all, only half."

There were tender messages between the parents and the dying child: "Tell Jesus to care for father, mother and brother"; "Tell the Savior we who were near her, need his love." "Has Jesus shown himself to you?" asked her father. "No." "Do you expect to see Jesus, and go to Jesus?" "Yes." "Mother, I'm ready to go," she said, near the last. "Go where?" "With the children." "Where to?" "To Jesus." She repeated after her father, as he kneeled by her bed, making the prayer her own, "Dear Jesus, I give myself to thee for time and for eternity."

Her love for song was a great support to her in the hour of severest pain. "Sing to me, father," she urged, when the doctors were preparing to probe her neck with the lancet. And summoning up all his fortitude, the stricken father sang one of the first songs she learned on his knees, "There is a happy land," thinking perhaps her next song would be with the angels. He sang, also, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed," and she joined in the chorus, "At the Cross." Her mother burst into tears, and the little sufferer looked up to her wonderingly and inquiringly, and then resumed and finished the chorus—

"At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,  
And the burden of my heart rolled away;  
It was there by faith I received my sight,  
And now I am happy all the day."

Think of a little child of eight singing, "I am happy all the day," while weak and emaciated by sickness, and near the last hour of earth. Does not God care for the little ones? At another time Julia joined the nurse in singing, till her voice failed her—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so;  
Little ones to him belong,  
They are weak, but he is strong."

One of her last utterances was, "The rich young ruler," the title of the Sunday-school lesson for December 2nd.

So she continued, in patient trust and song and prayer, until God took her to the home on high. All those around her bed were convulsed with weeping; only the dying eye was bright. "She passed away like one rocked to sleep in her mother's arms," said the nurse. Yes, she fell asleep, and the angels carried her to heaven, where the weary and wasted frame was exchanged for a sound and healthy body, and where, in the presence of the loving Savior, she received her crown and her harp of gold. Had her life been spared, it might have been a sickly and crippled life, after all she had gone through from the assault of the dread disease; but there are no cripples up there. She has left a precious memory, and she lives above in perfect health and peace. The little hand reaches down, beckoning us to get ready to come up higher; the little voice urges us to try to be like Jesus, that we may go to live with Jesus.

Rio Vista.

## Home Circle.

### Concerning Colds.

While they are more prevalent in the winter season, low temperature does not cause colds, as witness the well-known immunity from that disorder among those who explore the far northern regions. Draughts, imperfect ventilation, poor circulation, overfeeding with clogging foods, overburdening the body with heavy clothing, neglect of bathing and mouth breathing are very frequent causes of colds, and every one is clearly avo..... with simple precautions.

Children should be taught to avoid sitting in draughts, as well as sitting upon cold or damp surfaces while at play. Too much stress cannot be laid upon avoiding draughts, particularly when heated with play. Many a life has paid the penalty of neglect, and each child may be taught to guard itself in this respect. The ventilation of the house is a matter upon which the housewife cannot bestow too much care. Windows, especially in furnace heated houses, should never be entirely closed, summer or winter, storm or shine. They may be adjusted with strips of wood or bands of muslin tacked so as to prevent the beating in of rain or snow, but a good smart wind may blow in with its refreshing breath and do no harm to a well-fortified body. The old-fashioned fear of "night air" is almost a thing of the past, along with fear of the Bogy Man, in these athletic days. What kind of air can we breathe at night, indeed, but night air? It is simply a question of choice between the corrupt, gas-laden air of the house and the



sweet, pure air of the blessed out-of-doors.

Quite often a cold is nothing more or less than a "filth disease." The rich food which we deem more permissible in winter than in summer clogs the system. Because of the absence of perceptible perspiration, less water apt to be drunk than in summer, and unless care is used the bowels have a tendency to constipation, and presto! we have fine conditions for a cold! This condition is aggravated if the body is overloaded with heavy clothing. Even an elementary knowledge of the structure of the human skin will teach the necessity of keeping its myriad pores unclogged and free. The skin is a great organ of excretion, as are the kidneys, and, equally with those organs, must be free to act. Careful and thorough bathing is quite as important in winter as in summer, when the need is more quickly recognized and responded to because of the greater pleasure given then by the process. But in winter more care must be given to brisk rubbing until the skin is in a rosy glow, and circulation quickened. An air bath is a most delightful adjunct to the water bath. The body, fully stripped, in a comfortable, sunny room, has a chance to breathe through its millions of pores, which, during nearly all the time, are choked away from access of air by close clothing. Children, especially, are nearly always over-dressed. A well-ventilated, well-nourished body is not often subject to colds, even with the constant romps with sleds and skates that make winter so dear to the child heart. These, indeed, conduce to immunity from colds, because the respiration under such exercise is immensely quickened, increased quantities of life-giving oxygen are taken into the lungs, more completely cleansing the blood, and accelerating the combustion by which the body is kept warm and the blood purified. Oxygen is the great supporter of combustion, therefore the great purifier. Always and forever, the necessity for the use of the nose for breathing purposes must be impressed on children. Not arbitrarily, for the necessity does not appear at first glance, and the anatomy of the organs of respiration may be explained, and the reasons reiterated why cold or dust-laden air must not be taken into immediate contact with the delicate surfaces of bronchi and lungs.

Colds will lose their terror if we live simply, naturally, "near to Nature's heart," as much as possible in the open air. Indeed, the shut-in, artificial life we moderns lead is responsible for most of our ills and aches. Once, while roughing it in the mountains, the writer remained for three days in wet clothing and shoes without a hint of a "cold" resulting, while pneumonia would most likely have fol-

lowed under ordinary circumstances. God made his great out-of-doors to be lived in by common mortals, not written about by the poets, or painted by the artists, and we need not fear it if only we use judgment and care.—Mary G. Crocker.

### Living Lanterns.

There came to me not long ago, most unexpectedly, two such queer pets that I think some of the child readers of this paper may be interested in hearing about them. You will, no doubt, be surprised when I tell you that they arrived in a brown paper bag, just such as comes from the grocery store. When I put my ear to the bag and listened, a strange scratching sound was heard. What could be there? I untwisted the end and looked in. There was nothing much to see, just two very ordinary looking large brown beetles. They were traveling around the bag at break-neck speed. I put in my hand and caught one. He was certainly very plain and unattractive. Then some one said, "Take him into a dark room." When I got there I looked at him. He seemed to be on fire. Two spots on his back, near his head, glowed with a strange, phosphorescent light, and underneath his body there came such a glow that it was almost dazzling; and this was my plain little beetle! I well knew then what it was I held in my hand, one of the fireflies of the tropics, something we read of but seldom get a chance to see.

The two began life in the United States very peaceably together in a discarded candy box. Some netting stretched across the top we found useful in keeping them at home. They ate sugar and drank water and seemed quite happy. They grew tame, too, and would lie in my hand.

These little pets of mine had come all the way from San Domingo. The voyage had not in any way reduced their spirits, nor did a foreign climate seem to affect them; their health was good. During the day they were rather stupid, lying still most of the time, except when fed. We were told to feed them on lump-sugar, in fact, two lumps came with them in the bag. For some days I did as I was told, and set them each upon a lump three times a day. But they did not seem to make much headway, and the larger one always became discontented, and knocked the other off his lump. I was also told to "float" them once a day in water. This might be their habit at home, I do not know, but it did not sound natural. Whether their thirst was to be slaked by absorption, or whether they were to drink while struggling to shore, I never found out, for I never tried; but took upon

myself a complete change of affairs. Into an individual butter plate I put some drops of water and two tiny pieces of sugar broken from the lumps; and here I set my fireflies, and had the satisfaction of seeing their "feelers" wave and their little sponge-like tongues, or teeth, come out and grasp the sugar.

They ran the risk of being dreadfully puffed up and spoiled, for they were shown off and admired like debutantes, and no one was allowed to say they resembled large, black roaches. They had funny ways: one was, if they accidentally got on their backs, they jerked themselves into the air time after time, until they landed right side up. So these fireflies are well named. Their first name, "Elater" means a leaper, and their last "Noc-tilucus," shining in the night.

Night was their liveliest time, and one of the most interesting sights was to see the two start off on a trip across a counterpane. Before they started their "headlights" gradually became brighter and brighter, their fires underneath grew hotter and hotter. They looked in the darkness like small locomotives moving across a prairie.

These fireflies, like other beetles, have two sets of wings. One light, gauzy pair folded away beneath the hard, heavy outer pair, like a gay ball dress under a protecting cloak. Sometimes we were allowed a glimpse of the "French muslin" ones.

They were great travelers before they died. They went to Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Snugly tucked away on the journey in a little card-board box with some sweet-smelling grass, they hung suspended by a cord from my traveling bag. One of them lived to return to Philadelphia and to become a respected old person. He gradually grew quieter and quieter, showing his fires less and less often, but his light when it came was just as bright as ever, and one evening I read a few lines by the glow of his little lantern, not because it was better than a lamp, but because I was so proud of his brilliancy. One cold morning in October I found him lying still. He had lived his life out.—Agnes Watson.

#### Miss Postal and Mr. Letter.

They lay side by side in the mail-bag, Miss Postal and Mr. Letter, and looked at each other for some moments without speaking; then Mr. Letter, who seemed very pompous in his big yellow business envelope, began:

"How very sharp your corners are, my friend. They almost cut me as we whiz along. I wonder where we are now."

"I am sharp enough to know that we are on the mail-car, and the clerk will soon be assorting us; then you will neither be bothered

nor helped any more by my sharpness."

"I meant you no harm," replied Mr. Letter, tartly. "It is a disgrace that we Letters, who are the first families of the mail-service, should be obliged to travel in the same bag with such common folks as you Postal-cards!"

"Indeed!" sneered prim Miss Postal, standing upright. "And who was so kind as to inform you that the Postal family is beneath you Letters, who try to be so aristocratic?"

"I can see that for myself," laughed Mr. Letter. "It is, to my mind, exceedingly out of place for one to put what one wishes to say in plain sight, as do you Postal-cards."

"Yet we Postals never carry a message that we are ashamed of," retorted Miss Postal, with a look of triumph. "Sir Law would not allow that, even if we wished to, as we do not; but you Letters often bear gossip and cruel words, and you hide such under an envelope, because you are ashamed to have them seen."

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Letter, but he made no answer.

"I do not say that you are now carrying some message that ought never to have been sent," apologized Miss Postal, who, kind little lady, really did not want to hurt the feelings of her burly companion; "but the fact is, you Letters never know whether you are to bring joy or sorrow to the one to whom you are sent, but we Cards always know."

"Still, we Letters are glad that we do not always look alike, as do you Postals," remarked the yellow-coated gentleman. "I never saw the least change in a Postal-card."

"Then you must have seen very little of the world, my dear sir, for there are over eight thousand kinds of Postal-cards. It quite overwhelms me when I think how many brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and cousins I have all over the world; and some of these are greatly honored, being issued by a government for special occasions."

"That is news to me," said Mr. Letter, sheepishly.

"And as to Postal-cards being not of the first families," continued Miss Postal, "we are just as honorable as if we were. We can say, as a noted man once said, 'We are ancestors'; and our inventor was a very wise man, Dr. Emanuel Harmann."

"I want to know," exclaimed Mr. Letter, in surprise. "I have often heard of him. He used to be a professor of national economy at the Imperial Academy of Vienna at Neustadt, Lower Austria, I believe."

"He was, and at the time he invented the Postal-card. He made known his plan for Postals through a paper under the title of 'New means of correspondence by post.' He tried to interest his government in this



scheme, which he did after much opposition. The director of the post had the cards issued and put into circulation. They were called, and still are, *correspondez karte*."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Letter, "I was thinking that Postals originated in the United States."

"Oh, no; yet our country, as well as all other civilized nations, was soon using Postal-cards. Nearly all the nations of Europe were using them before the close of 1870, hardly 2 year since their introduction into Austria, Germany being the second to introduce them."

"Well, what about the special Cards?" queried Mr. Letter, who was really interested in the conversation, although he did not care to own that he was.

"During the Franco-German war, Germany issued a special series called the 'Field post correspondence cards.' This nation sold these unstamped to her soldiers at the rate of perhaps five for a half-penny, and they were allowed to use them without paying postage. Germany also issued a series for her citizens, who, however, were obliged to put stamps on them before using."

"Did France likewise issue special cards at this time?"

"She did. They were smaller than Postal-cards are generally. They were covered with expressions such as this: 'Glory and conquest signify crimes; defeat signifies hate and a desire for revenge.' The cards were dispatched from Paris in balloons, and dropped into provinces where the Germans would be likely to seize them. But here is our mail man. I can say no more."

A gentleman now opened the bag and began to assort its contents. Miss Postal and Mr. Letter each went into separate bags. They bowed coolly as they parted. The train now passed a curious arrangement with an extending arm, containing a mail bag. The clerk took this, and in its place put the bag containing Mr. Letter.

"So, he's not going far," said Miss Postal to herself. Still, I hope I have succeeded in letting the old gentleman know that we Postals do amount to something after all, and that is worth this trip. Anyhow, I think Mrs. Blasland, whose name is written across my face, will be glad to see me, for my message to her is from her son whom she has not seen for years. How glad she will be that he is going to see her! I should not have known this good news if I had been a Letter."

You can be sure of this; if you are doing all you can to make a child better you are doing something that pleases God.

## Our Boys and Girls.

### The Missionary Puzzle.

"I can't go out for a week!"

Master Johnny Amsden's face displayed a vast amount of disappointment.

"Not for a full week," said the doctor, drawing on his gloves.

"Why, doctor, I've just got to go out."

"What for, I'd like to know," demanded Doctor Maxwell, gazing down upon him, quizzically. "What is there of such importance that you must disregard my orders, eh?" and he pinched Johnny's ear.

"Why, I'll tell you," said his youthful patient, confidentially; "it's about the missionary society."

"Ho, ho!" cried the doctor. "Do you dabble in associations for the furnishing of gingham aprons and silk hats to the South Sea Islanders?"

"I guess you don't know much about missions and missionaries, Doctor Maxwell," said the boy, with gravity.

"Maybe I don't. Do you?"

"Our society supports a missionary in China and a native preacher in Burmah," replied Johnny, with pride. "It's the Burmese missionary that these measles interfere with."

The jolly doctor threw back his head and laughed again. "I guess these measles of yours 'll not hurt any missionary in Burmah," he said. "They're not as contagious as all that. You've got 'em pretty light, you know. You'll be out in a week."

"But I've only got this week to earn my dollar in."

"What dollar?"

"Why," said Johnny seriously, "each of us agreed to earn a dollar extra for the Burmese preacher, and we're to have a meeting next week and tell how we got the dollar. We're to earn 'em ourselves, you know. I was troubled a good deal about how I should earn mine, so the time slipped by until this week; and it's the last one."

"How are you going to earn it?" inquired the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I promised to help Mr. Smith, the market-man round the corner, every night after school for a week; he said he'd give me a dollar. So you see, doctor, if you don't let me go out, I can't keep my promise."

"Humph! haven't you a dollar of your pocket money left?"

"Oh, yes, sir. But that wouldn't be earning it."

"It looks then as though I should have to furnish you the means of earning that dollar, as I am the one who keeps you indoors. Of course, the measles can't be blamed."

"Oh, no, sir! I don't mean that!" cried Johnny.

"Of course you didn't," said the doctor, with a wink. "You'd rather go out and be assistant to a green grocer. But as you're so fond of working in a store, I'll give you a job that would puzzle the best boy Smith ever had."

Johnny looked at him in some doubt.

"I'll pay you a dollar if you do it, too," said the physician, smiling. "I'll let you use your brains instead of your hands. If you're bright enough you can earn your dollar."

"But what is it?" cried his young patient.

"It's a problem—a puzzle—and you're to work it out, and here it is: There was a groceryman who had an eight-quart jug full of vinegar. The grocer had an order for four quarts, but had only a three-quart and a five-quart measure in his store. He told his boy to get four quarts of vinegar for his customer, and he was not allowed to pour out and waste any of the vinegar, and he had no other vessel to help him but the two measures. How did he do it?"

Johnny looked at him blankly and the doctor laughed again.

"Well, that's a sticker!" declared the boy.

"Think so, do you? Well, the other boy did it. If you want to be a grocer some time, you'll have to learn to do such things, maybe. Now, you've got twenty-four hours to do that sum. Good-bye!"

The doctor started for the door, still laughing. Mary, the maid, came to let him out; but Johnny ran after him and asked, just as the gentleman was stepping into the vestibule: "Doctor, doctor! it isn't a joke, is it? You can really do it?"

"Of course you can, if you're as smart as that grocer's boy was."

"Just give it to me again," said Master Johnny. "If one boy's done it, I can do it"; and the doctor repeated the problem.

But after he had studied over the thing a good hour without arriving at an answer, Johnny began to believe that that grocer's boy was pretty smart.

"An eight-quart jug, a three-quart measure, and a five-quart measure—and that's all!" he exclaimed. "Well, I'd like to know how he did it! I'll go down and see cook."

Now, cook was fat and jolly, and didn't mind little boys "messaging" round in her kitchen if she wasn't bothering about her dinner.

"Are you bothered today, cook?" asked Master Johnny, looking in at the door.

"No, honey; everything's doing beautiful."

"I want to know how you'd measure four quarts of vinegar if you had an eight-quart jug full and only had a three-quart and a five-quart measure to turn it into? Or, no! I

don't want you to tell me; for that wouldn't be fair. But I want to know if you think it can be done."

Cook thought some time with great gravity. "Laws, honey!" she said at last, "I don't see how it can be done, nohow. But I got a eight-quart jug yere, an' measures. You kin play they ain't graduated, an' you kin fill the jug with water an' try to do it. Warm water, of co'se, so you'll not get cold."

"What's 'graduated measures'?" asked Johnny.

"See them lines on the tin there?" said cook, holding up the measure. "Those are for pints and quarts, though that's a three-quart measure. There's a five-quart one. There's the jug. Now, don't spill the water on my clean floor."

Johnny thanked her and set to work on the practical working out of his problem. He had a jug full of water and two empty measures to begin with. First he poured the three-quart measure full, and then emptied it into the five-quart measure. Then he poured his three-quart measure full again and filled the five-quart measure out of it.

The water then stood thus: Five quarts in the five-quart measure, one in the three-quart, and two in the eight-quart jug. He seemed no nearer the solution of the problem than before, but after a little cogitating he poured the five-quart measure full back into the eight-quart jug.

Then he poured the one quart he had in the three-quart measure into the five-quart measure. Next he filled the three-quart measure again out of the jug, and emptying it into the five-quart measure, had solved the problem. There were four quarts in the five quart-measure and four quarts in the jug, and he hadn't wasted a drop.

When the doctor came the following morning Johnny was ready for him. The doctor seemed to be greatly surprised at his success, and parted with the dollar for missions with apparent regret: but Johnny thought afterwards that maybe the physician knew more and cared more about missions than he appeared to.

Anyway, Johnny was well enough the next week to go to the missionary meeting, and put the puzzle to the society, and they bothered their heads over it half the afternoon, and Johnny finally had to invite them to his house, where he could illustrate the solution with the jug and measures in question.—B. Foster, S. S. Visitor.

We should better understand what Christ doth if we did better remember what he hath said, and had but the art of comparing them together.—Henry.



### Plymouth Church, Colfax, Washington.

Plymouth Congregational church of Colfax held its annual meeting Wednesday evening, January 16th. The reports showed good work had been done through the year. The Ladies' Aid had done nobly, as they always do, in helping in the finances of the church, and their report was heartily received by the congregation. The Missionary Society had wisely prosecuted its work in contributions to the various objects of the denomination. It was interesting to notice how the influence of this society was made to be felt to the ends of the earth through its gifts. They remembered the monuments being erected to Father Eells, by contributing both to the memorial fund at Whitman college, and in a gift toward the current expenses of Eells Academy at Colville.

The report of the Sunday-school revealed a healthy condition with a very regular attendance under the efficient leadership of Professor Ransom, Superintendent of the city schools.

The financial report, as to the expenses of the year, was very gratifying. There was a balance in the treasury of nearly every society in the church, quite a large one in the treasury of the Ladies' Aid, and perhaps would have been even larger in the church had it not been for some indebtedness of last year for repairs. This, however, was nearly provided for, and will be, entirely, in a few days, as the members of this church have a good habit of attending to the finances of the church promptly.

The pastor's report showed that twenty-five had united with the church during the year—seventeen by confession—and that a majority of the additions were males. The church has a total membership of 159, with about 110 resident members.

Among those who have removed from the work of the church the past year is Rev. T. W. Walters and family. While Mr. Walters' work as General Missionary of the Home Missionary Society took him away from Colfax, his home was here and he and family were a great help to the Colfax church. They will be greatly missed, both in the church and in the community, but Spokane will gain what Colfax has lost.

The pastor's training class was one of the features of the past year. For a part of the time this class, under the instruction of the pastor, had taken the place of the regular Endeavor Society. The result is a goodly number of the young people under this instruction have come into the membership of the church.

An attempt is being made to throw the prayer-meeting out of the usual rut. By plan-

ning to give some work to every member and making the midweek meeting a place to consider and pray for this work, it is thought the prayer-meeting will become of more value. There are many indications that the coming year will be one of the very best in the history of the Colfax church.

Rev. H. P. James is now in the twelfth year with the church. In all this time the Colfax church has had its share of changes and removals, yet, notwithstanding there has been no marked increase in the population of the town for the past few years, the church has made steady gain under the able and inspiring ministry and wise leadership of Mr. James. Instead of the pastor wearing out he has been "wearing in," and has a stronger influence in the community today than ever before. An observing man, a member of another church, recently declared that Mr. James was the most influential man in the town. He has ever identified himself with the interests of the community, and of individuals, and it was a natural consequence that he was chosen a member of the school board and re-elected by an increased majority.

There are many members in the Colfax church who appreciate the fact that it has not fallen to the lot of many western churches to have such leadership, and such excellent preaching, and that, too, for so many years without interruption, and they hope they may continue to have this service for many years to come.

The Ladies' Aid Society presented the pastor with a fine copy of Webster's International Dictionary with Historical References, as a Christmas gift, and as an expression of their appreciation of his services.

*Geo. H. Newman.*

Colfax, Wash., Jan. 17, 1901.

In January, 1899, the Rev. Dr. Jackson of Chicago wrote to the late Dr. Behrends informing him of the death of his son and asking that he name to him some book which in his estimation gave the clearest presentation of the teaching of Scripture concerning the future life. The beautiful letter from Dr. Behrends has been given to the public, and from it we quote as follows: "I am glad that the rainbow shines through your tears and that there is music in your moaning. I know how crushing the grief must be to your wife and yourself, and your expressions of growing loneliness strike a sympathetic chord in my heart. 'One by one we cross the river.' The rushing years isolate us, and that may be one of God's sweet ways of loosing us from anchorage to the mortal life, so that the inevitable end is awaited, not only in calm com-

posure, but with a kind of eager gladness. To me, at least, the simple word 'Duty,' once so forbidding and hard, has become radiant and sweet. I have known the joy of my work, and the sunshine of life, and they still abide with me. But the idea of quiet obedience is striking deeper as the months pass by. The Master knows us better than we do ourselves, and patiently to follow him is our highest wisdom, and our truest blessedness. As to books on the future life, I have ceased to buy them, or to read them. Such as have fallen into my hands have not done me much good. I prefer the rough but radiant outlines of the New Testament, and especially the fourteenth chapter of St. John's gospel. Heaven is the 'Father's House.' It is *House*. That is enough. That involves rest and recognition, with abundant service. There are crowns and palms and harps. Crowns mean activity. Palms mean victory. Harps mean song. What more can we have? For such things we can afford to wait, and meanwhile work with all our might. We may lift up our heads, for our heritage is secure and our salvation draweth nigh."

Parents are apt to lose the sense of proportion between themselves and their children, says Dr. Grace Peckham Murray in "Harper's Bazar." They are unable to keep pace with the growth of ideas and feelings, and thinking once a child always a child, there comes a clash. The paramount will of the parent exercised for the good and advancement of the child, when the child could have no will of his own must gradually adjust itself to the growing will of the child, which should be developed and guided into the right manner of exercise, of reason and equity. Unless this is done the child's nature becomes warped, and the whole beautiful relationship of parent and child is thrown out of gear. The mother dominates over the daughter after she has grown up. It is her great affection for her that causes her to sacrifice her child's individuality. She would think for her, act for her, yea, breathe for her if she could. Mingled with this is a kind of jealousy not suspected, and the last thing to be acknowledged. Under this loving tyranny the daughter becomes nervous, hysterical, sick and drooping. In spite of the redoubled cares of the mother the daughter grows worse. The family physician must act if fate does not otherwise cause the separation, and see that the girl is transplanted in another environment. Freed from her mother's too vigilant care, her individuality has an opportunity to develop, her mind acts, and in this freedom her bodily equilibrium is restored and maintained.

### "I Jest Keep a-Livin' Along."

Some folks keep huntin' for sorrow;  
They sigh if they're right or they're wrong;  
But this day's as good as to-morrow,  
So I jest keep a-livin' along.

I jest keep a-livin' along,  
I jest keep a-singin' a song;  
There's no use to sigh  
While the sun's in the sky;  
So I jest keep a-livin' along.

When the Lord made the world, was I in it  
To give him directions? He knowed  
I wouldn't know how to begin it,  
Bein' nothin' but dust by the road.

So I jest keep a-livin' along,  
And I can't say the Lord's work is wrong;  
I never will sigh  
While he's runnin' the sky;  
I jest keep a-livin' along.

I'm thankful for sun and for showers:  
The Lord makes the winter an' May;  
And he'd hide all the graves with his flowers  
If folks didn't weed 'em away!

So I jest keep a-livin' along,  
Still thankful for sunlight and song;  
I know, when it's snowin',  
God's roses are growin',  
So I jest keep a-livin' along!

—Frank L. Stanton.

Should some great angel say to me tomorrow,  
"Thou must retreat thy pathwa" from the start,  
But God will give in pity for thy sorrow  
Some one dear wish, the nearest to thy heart,"  
This were my wish, From my life's dim beginnin'  
My want, my woe, my errors and my sinning,  
All, all, were needed lessons for my soul!  
Let be what hast been, wisdom planned the whole,  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### A New Leaf.

He came to my desk with a quivering lip  
The lesson was done.  
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said;  
"I have spoiled this one."  
In place of the leaf so stained and blotted,  
I gave him a new one all unspotted,  
And into his sad eyes smiled—  
"Do better now, my child."

went to the throne with a quivering soul—  
The old year was done—  
"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?  
I have spoiled this one."  
He took the old leaf stained and blotted,  
And gave me a new one all unspotted,  
And into my sad heart smiled—  
"Do better now, my child."

To believe, to believe alone is to live. Skepticism as a habit, as a condition, is a sign of deficient vitality. It is a vastly nobler fear which dreads lest it should lose some truth than that which trembles lest it should believe something which is not wholly true. "Seek truth and pursue it." Of course, seeking the truth, you will hate and avoid the lie—but not to avoid the lie, but to find the truth.—Phillips Brooks.



## Church News.

### California.

**Cottonwood.**—One person was received to membership in the Cottonwood church at the last communion.

**Bakersfield.**—A fine pulpit chair was a Christmas present to the church from a lawyer friend. Eight were welcomed January 6th, two on confession and six by letter. Five others were unable to be present and will be received soon. Our church expenditures foot up a total of fully \$35 per resident member, which seems specially good, considering the moderate circumstances of our members.

**San Francisco, Pierce Street.**—The yearly meeting of Pierce Street church was held January 13th. The members present at this meeting expressed a strong desire of having the church building moved from the present location on Pierce and Green streets to a more favorable locality on Union street, somewhere between Webster and Fillmore, and hope to be able to accomplish the work before very long.

**Berkeley North.**—The last was a prosperous year with this church. The report of the clerk at the annual meeting showed a gain of 15 in membership. The treasurer reported all expenses paid, including about \$300 of indebtedness from former years. Supper was served, followed by roll call with Scripture responses from most of the resident members. Revs. J. K. Harrison and H. H. Wikoff assisted at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

**Escondido.**—Our church at the annual meeting was encouraged. The attendance was large. Reports showed revenue for the year equaled expenditures and benevolences were larger than for some years. The fourth year of the present pastorate will close in a few months, during which time we have received eighty-seven new members. The trustees have rented forty-eight acres of grain land, which the male members are farming on the co-operative plan, the total proceeds to go to the benefit of the church.

**Santa Cruz.**—Very encouraging reports were made at the recent annual meeting. The present membership is 464. The benevolences for the year were: Congregational Home Missionary Society, \$176.40; American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, \$152.50; American Missionary Association, \$112.40; Congregational Publishing Society, \$35.58; Congregational Church Building Society, \$15.70; American Bible Society, \$12; Hos-

pital Work, \$14.50; Church charity, \$20.45; total, \$539.53. The total for home expenses was \$3,984.35.

**Oakland Pilgrim.**—During the ten months of the present pastorate the church has met its current expenses. A feeling of encouragement is everywhere manifest. The Sunday-school, under the superintendency of Rev. W. W. Madge, has increased from 90 to 162 in attendance. Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Madge entertained in the church parlors the Sunday-school teachers and officers and the ministerial members of the church and their wives. There were after-dinner talks on "The Sunday-school of the Past," "The Sunday-school of the Future," and "The Ideal Teacher."

**Norwalk.**—The annual meeting was held January 2nd and the reports made showed that everything was in good shape for the new year. All obligations were met except a small balance on the pastor's salary and this was promptly provided for. The additions during the year were eighteen, ten by confession and eight by letter. The losses, including some by revision of the roll, were nine. The benevolences for the year reached the highest point yet, being \$175. They included all the seven societies, and others also. Altogether the church has raised nearly eight hundred dollars for the year. At Mr. DeKay's farewell service the Methodist South congregation adjourned in a body, to attend as a mark of respect to him.

**San Francisco Bethlehem.**—Friends of Bethlehem church will be glad to hear that a deed to the comfortable church property which they have been occupying was handed them last Thursday, the 17th instant. The little company of hard-working people gathered in this church had \$430 ready to be paid, and the trustees gave their personal note for \$70, to meet which they have unpaid subscriptions and other resources, so that the note was accepted as equivalent to cash. Towards the \$1,000 additional which is found to be necessary to complete the payment for this property, over and above the appropriation from our Church Building Society, \$847.50 have been already collected, and somewhat more than \$100 will probably be received before this paragraph is read. The balance will come soon, we hope. The record of this church's work during the eighteen months since Rev. J. P. Dickson began service as its pastor is as follows: Twenty-nine persons have been received, making the actual working membership more than four times as large as it was at the beginning of this period. The Sunday-

school room in the basement of the church has been repaired, the decaying timbers replaced by sound ones and the room made lightsome and attractive. A piano has been purchased, the auditorium has been carpeted; gas and water have been introduced, a Sunday-school library has been started, and in order to all this, including the \$500 mentioned above, about \$1,000 have been raised in addition to what has been paid for current expenses. The Y. P. S. E. of this church, not content with the work done in their own field, has taken charge of a Sunday-school a mile and a half south of Bethlehem, at a location where, by and by, a church will be needed and can be hopefully established. *W. C. P.*

### Washington.

Port Gamble.—The congregation held the annual meeting for election of trustees, after the close of the service, Sunday evening, January 13th. There was a good attendance, and much enthusiasm, the spirit shown being a model one and worthy of emulation. The reports showed the regular services held with the greatest regularity and good attendance. The Y. P. S. C. E. also was well attended all the year, the Sunday-school doing well, and the Thursday evening meetings well sustained; all bills paid, the pastor fully paid up, and the outlook for the coming year most hopeful. Two have united with the church and the prospect is, more to follow. Collections for Sunday-school and Publishing Society, \$7, and Home Missions, \$7.75, with more home benevolences during the year.

### Notes and Personals.

Rev. M. Angelo Dougherty of Cambridge, Mass., is spending a few weeks in the city.

Rev. E. D. Hale of Niles is giving a series of sermons or addresses on church history.

A severe attack of the grippe confined Rev. G. H. DeKay of Norwalk to his home for a week.

Next Monday the Rev. Dr. A. P. Martin will address the San Francisco Ministers' Meeting.

Rev. W. D. Kidd, pastor at San Mateo, has been ill with the grip. Rev. F. B. Perkins supplied last Sunday.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff spent Sunday at Sunol and brought back good report concerning the work of Rev. W. H. Cooke and the condition of the church.

Rev. C. D. Milliken of Sonoma has accepted a call to Westside. The Tribune says:

"His departure will be great regretted not only by the members of the church but by the community in general."

At the last communion service ten persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the First church of San Diego. They were largely young people from the Sunday-school and the Christian homes of the church.

Rev. S. R. Yarrow has returned to California. Last Sunday morning he preached for Rev. B. M. Palmer at Benicia. Mr. Yarrow's trip abroad has restored him to health, and he will take up soon again the work of the pastor.

Sunday evening the Rev. R. C. Brooks, pastor of Pilgrim church, Oakland, began a series of sermons on the general subject, "The Restatement of Faith." A previous announcement concerning the series was in part as follows: "Convinced that not a few worthy men and women of our time are wandering in the wilderness of doubt and unbelief because of misunderstandings for which the Church of Christ is in part responsible, the pastor of Pilgrim church desires this church to do all in its power to adjust our conceptions of the old faith to the new light that has been flooding in. Accordingly, he proposes, in a series of Sunday evening sermons, beginning Sunday, January 20th, to restate, so far as may be possible, in the warm, rich, vital language of our present life some of those everlasting truths by which men live." The topics are: January 20th, "A Starting Point for a Working Faith"; January 27th, "The Disclosure of God the Father"; February 3d, "The Manifested Helpfulness of God, or the Doctrine of the Trinity"; Feb. 10th, "The Divinity of Our Lord"; Feb. 17th, "The Fact of Sin"; Feb. 24th, "The Consequences of Sin."

### Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

From the report of B. S. Huntington, Treasurer of The Dalles church, it is learned that 1900 was a satisfactory financial year, and that it closed with a balance of \$24.39 in assets above liabilities. The total sum raised by the church was \$1,456.96. In addition the Sunday-school raised something more than \$100, and had a balance on hand, January 12th, 1901, of \$82.95. As in other churches, the Ladies' Aid Society is an important factor in the bright financial condition of this church. That Society paid for cleaning the church and gave \$100 towards the current expenses. In addition to the foregoing the choir and young ladies of the church have raised \$213 during



the past fifteen months, and with that sum have purchased a new organ.

The Hillsboro church, Rev. Evan P. Hughes, pastor, held its annual meeting last Thursday evening. Hopefulness pervaded the proceedings throughout. New members were received at every communion season in the past year save one. The preaching is of a kind that appeals to the reason, conscience and will of men, as contrasted with the arousal of mere animal emotionalism, which leads to frenzied activity one day, to be followed by inertia, indifference and death the next. Pastor Hughes now enters on the sixth year of his pastorate, and his relations with his people were never more cordial than now. The financial condition of the church is excellent. The outlay last year was \$1,000. The benevolences of the church reached \$82. This completes the third year of self-support; the wisdom of that step is proven by the fact that every bill is paid; the new year begins with a balance in the treasury and, best of all, that there is no desire to lean upon the Home Missionary Society for aid any more. The spirit of self-reliance and manhood has been cultivated with good results. The St. Helen's church, Rev. C. E. Philbrook, pastor, has been enjoying a season of spiritual awakening. During the latter half of December, Rev. Morton D. Dunning, of the Forest Grove church, and Rev. B. S. Winchester, of the Hassalo Street church, Portland, assisted Pastor Philbrook in an eight days' meeting, the visible results of which were four accessions to the church on confession on the 30th ult. The pastor has been instant in season and out of season since in presenting the truth as he understands it, greatly to the blessing of the community which he so faithfully serves, and there is good reason for believing that other accessions will soon follow.

Mr. J. R. Warner, a veteran of the Civil war, having served in the 52d Massachusetts, died suddenly at his residence at Bingen, opposite Hood river, on the 15th inst, at the age of seventy-eight. He was an unusually vigorous man for that age, and that morning went out to do some work on a road, and was attacked with heart-failure soon after and expired. He had been a sturdy Congregationalist from boyhood and was always found in the church when he resided in Portland.

Rev. Evan P. Hughes recently delivered a lecture upon "William E. Gladstone," before the students at Pacific University.

Rev. E. S. Bollinger, of the Oregon City church, is preaching a series of Sunday evening sermons on "The Abiding Foundations of Christianity."

Superintendent Rowley of the C. S. S. and P. S., reports a fine lot of clothing received from the Hassalo Street Sunday-school, given by that school to be distributed among destitute children in mountain districts. This is in addition to a large amount given last fall by members of the church and school, which were distributed in the Elk Creek district of Douglas county. In addition there was a small sum of money given to buy shoes for a small boy.

The Sunday-school at Clackamas was visited a short time since by Superintendent Rowley. He found that the attendance had averaged forty for some time previous, and that forty were present at the Christian Endeavor meeting. The attendance at the preaching service that he gave was ninety, the young people remaining. There have been no regular services at this point for two years, no one visiting the field except the Sunday Superintendent of the C. S. S. and P. S., notwithstanding the fact that one of the members of the church here some years ago left a bequest of \$3,500 for the Congregational Home Missionary Society at his death. There seems to be some prospect of a regular supply now, the field to be yoked with two other points where there are pastorless churches, and it is hoped the plan will succeed.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Portland First church was held on the 17th inst. In the thirty-four annual meetings that the writer has attended as a member of this church, he has not seen a more buoyant, hopeful, determined spirit to deserve success in the best sense than was manifested upon this occasion. The farther bank of the Slough of Despond has been reached at last, it is safe to say; and the manifest purpose to grapple with the existing burdens yet remaining, and by persistent well directed effort to remove them, is most encouraging. The year closed without a deficit in current expenses, notwithstanding a considerable sum was carried over from 1899. The efforts of the new Board of Trustees, all young, active, business men, during the past year, has once more shown the wisdom of depending upon young blood for action. Every organization in the church reported the balance on the right side, but the Ladies' Aid Society was at the head of all, as it raised \$853. That sum, with the funds raised by the other societies, made a total of \$2,560; this added to the \$6,077 raised by the Society makes a grand total of \$8,637 for the year, with an united, enthusiastic, courageous membership, a gifted, spiritually-minded pastor, between whom and his people there is perfect harmony; what may not such a church ac-

comply if only it has a "mind to work." This is the jubilee of the First church, and the spirit is abroad that shall make it the best year in the history of the church in every respect. Its opportunity will not have been lived up to unless the reports a year hence show that to be the result.

Rev. R. H. Kennedy of the Albany church exchanged pulpits with Mr. Ackerman today and preached with much acceptance, the morning topic being, "The Simplicity of Faith," and the evening, "Love for Self the Basis of Love for Neighbor."

"Reform" is in the air in this city once more, and has been for several weeks, the particular vice aimed at being that of gambling. A district attorney was elected a few months ago pledged to enforce the law. He did not belong to the dominant party, and it was believed he was a man of nerve and would do his duty. As in the past, it has been once more found that "before" and "after" election is very decidedly two different things. For several months past Portland has an "open" city in a sense—large sums of money having been paid by the gambling fraternity in the nature of "fines" for transgressing the laws. In other words, they have been permitted to violate the law provided they would pay a heavy fine for each infraction. The plea on the part of those who sustain this idea is that of two evils; the method now in vogue is the least; that gambling cannot be stopped, no matter what the law is, and that it is better to fine sporting men heavily, and let the sums thus secured go into the city treasury, than it is to attempt to close gambling places with the certainty that they will be secretly maintained, and the money now paid in fines go into the hands of those who serve as "look-outs" or "spies" in the interest of the gamblers.

The officers of the law say they will enforce the law if the people want it enforced; but they want an expression of the people in that direction. An attempt is being made to secure this by circulating petitions all over the city. While every effort to suppress vice, in whatever form it may manifest itself, should be supported by every citizen, yet there is a duty devolving upon every individual that should be strongly emphasized, and that is his own personal responsibility in the matter. It is a poor plea to set up that one gambles or indulges in other vices because he was "tempted." To set our faces like flint against these things is a part of our business. In other words, there is no doubt in the writer's mind but that the one who goes to the resorts of

vice commits as great a sin as those who maintain these resorts. We do not hear much of this from the pulpit; but it will not do its proper work until this fact is fully set forth. The resisting of temptation is the strongest element in character-building that is known, and lies at the very foundation of our Christian faith.

It is very gratifying to say that Mr. Ackerman is not remiss in this respect. One of the strongest sermons heard for many a day touching this matter of personal accountability to God, and the filial duty one owes to his Maker, was given by him last Sunday evening.

The Mississippi Avenue church held its annual meeting recently and reports from all departments were read. The growth in all respects has been encouraging, the finances are in good condition, and twenty-five new members were added to the roll.

### Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth.

The writer is making a sociological study of the Coeur d'Alene country. He is endeavoring to get at the root of the troubles that have made this region notorious. To do this, interviews have been had with persons that entertain opposite views. There are those who believe that the fight has been to a great extent a religious one. At present I do not deem it wise to express my opinion too positively. I have been informed by reliable persons that for years the whole country was in the control of a lawless element, mostly Roman Catholics. It is the deliberate purpose and aim to have the whole region dominated by adherents of said faith. It was not uncommon, I was told by one who was born and reared in church, for men to profess to be in "the Church" in order to obtain and retain employment in the mines. For several years similar methods were used here as in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania, twenty-five years ago by the Molly Maguires, and finally resulted, and was thereby suppressed, by the hanging of at least a score of the leaders. As soon as a man began to work in one of the mining camps a committee from the Miners' Union would wait upon him, and in a most peremptory manner demand him to join the union without delay or leave the camp. I have had interviews with men who reluctantly acted on such committees, and in their reports would make a plea for leniency—in view of the fact, perhaps, that a man only expected to work but for a short time. But the almost unanimous cry of the members would be, "He must join or we'll drive him



out of the camp." An eye witness described to me their method of carrying out such a threat. A man who was working outside declined to be initiated into the union, giving as his reason that he only intended to work but few months. A meeting was called to consider his case. Soon a motion was submitted that the offender be notified that unless "he comes to terms," that to-morrow evening "he be led out of the canyon." There was hardly a discussion of the motion. He—the narrator—made a mild plea for mercy, to which another one referred as a "wake-knade spache"—the same fellow having not yet fully paid his passage across the ocean. The following night, about a score of men, the most of them having guns or pistols, went to the man's cabin, burst open the door, ordered him out of bed, and in stern language he was commanded to "get a move on him." It was mid-winter, the snow several feet deep in the canyon. He had to walk before them for several miles down the narrow gulch. After reaching a certain place they commanded him to cross the mountains and "get out" of the country and never return. The man had to obey, for a word of protest would have likely cost him his life. For a time the mobs watched him struggling in the snow, and then returned to a low brothel in the camp to have a "spree" over their demoniacal act. The same thing was done dozens of times, and there have been instances when a man did not have the satisfaction of knowing what his offense was. I have been told that the murders have been more numerous than the public have any idea of.

We undertook a trip to Burke and Gem recently. The camps are located in Canyon Creek, which I will not attempt to describe this time. Since the agency system of employing men in the mines has been inaugurated, the first of December last, the Wallace Agency reports 330 men employed. Of this number 333 are Americans, 16 English, 16 German, 14 Canadians, 7 Irish, 5 each of Welsh, Scotch and Danes, 3 each of Russians, Fins, Swiss and French.

The Ladies' Aid of Wardner, a young but vigorous organization, had a successful bazar the last week of December and made \$75 thereby. At the Westminster church, Spokane, eleven new members were received the first communion of the year.

Rev. H. E. Mason, formerly of Ontario, Canada, has begun work at Medical Lake. He is a brother of Rev. H. C. Mason of Pullman, and doubtless possesses many of his admirable qualities, which will make him a real acquisition to the ministerial forces of the state and a worthy successor of Rev. J. D. Jones.

Rev. J. D. Kingsbury, D.D., preached for the Second church, Spokane, last Sunday. We welcome the Doctor to our State. His presence will be a benediction to us all. He is full of the missionary spirit and has the genius of grasping the situation. His insight into the needs and opportunities for aggressive missionary work is extraordinary.

### His Name.

BY MRS. A. B. GIDDINGS.

The year drew to its close.

"Come, soul," said I, "sit down with me,  
And strike the balance sheet; how much  
Canst thou foot up of gain, to set against  
These robberies of time, these treasures vanished,  
And these blasted hopes; thy dear ones taken,  
And the house thou livest in beginning to decay."

Then spoke my soul, "Thou countest not aright.  
Much of my treasure is but gathered safe  
From moth and rust; and the friends I cherished  
Have but outrun me to that land I go,  
To occupy my house eternal, when the blasts  
Shall wholly lay this tenement in dust."

"And canst thou find thy way alone, O soul,  
Unto that other house of thine, where friends  
And treasures wait thee?"

"No," my soul replied,

"I should be lost but for the rod and staff  
Of Him on whom I lean, and his strong arm,  
Who hath engaged to take me all the way."

"What is the name of this, thy mighty Friend?"

"Many," my soul made answer, "are the names,  
Sacred and tender, which are given to him,  
Each weighted down with blessing to the world;  
Until their meaning overwhelms and I cry out,  
With one inspired of God, 'He shall be called the  
Wonderful.'"

North Pasadena.

Stop now a minute and hear its sweet song:  
"I'm going on toward the wide and deep sea;  
What sings the little stream flowing along?

I will not always this babbling brook be!"  
What says the tiny seed blown by the wind?  
Listen, some truth it will teach you to find:  
"Down in the warm earth so snugly I'll lie;  
Then I'll come up in a plant by and by!"  
What can the sunbeams tell, dancing about?  
Come, little rays of light, come tell it out:  
"We are a part of the glorious sun;  
We bring his warmth down to bless every one!"  
What say our little ones, merry and gay,  
Spending their waking hours busy at play?  
"We all belong to the Father above;  
We are a part of the Son of his love!"

—F. G. Burroughs.

We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligations.—Seneca.

The worship of the true religion is not bowing down but looking up.



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## WHY NOT AN INFIDEL?

"I once met a thoughtful scholar," said Bishop Whipple, "who told me he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things: First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone blind. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned on an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on its mother's breast. I knew that was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters. They have no protection but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world, if you blot out from it all the teachings of the gospel."—Selected.

## SMOKER MANNERS.

A thoughtful listener relates the following conversation which took place between two half-grown boys in a smoking-car:

It was a suburban train, and as the car was gradually filled, the two boys began to look about them.

"Bob," said one of them, wouldn't it be the polite thing for you or me to get up and let that old gentleman that's standing have a seat?"

"Maybe it would," replied Bob, settling himself more comfortably in his seat, "but you don't have to be polite in a smoking-car."

Were the boys shrewd observers

of smoking-car manners? Do tobacco habit tend to blunt the sensibilities when gregariously allowed? Or is the average smoker merely "that kind of a man"? Was Bob mistaken? Who shall be Selected.

Said Edith to her doll: "You don't answer back. You must be saucy, no matter how hateful I am. You must remember I am your mother!" We know several where Edith might have imbibed the principle.

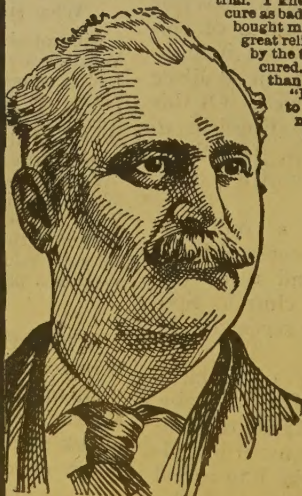
## Crippled with Rheumatism

Six years ago I began to feel a slight pain in my hips and legs, and as the pain grew worse it extended to my feet. They swelled all out of shape, and the pain was dreadful. Finally my feet began to grow numb, and I could barely hobble about. One day when I had come down to the store I got to the steps and could go no farther. Finally a passer-by helped me into the store and I at once put myself in a doctor's care. Electricity was tried, but without relief; in fact the feeling in my feet was so far gone that I scarcely felt the full force of the battery.

"One day Miss Kernans, a member of the family of the late Senator Kernans, of this city, told me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and asked me to try them. I said I would and I made up my mind I would give them a fair trial, so I bought ten boxes. In my opinion the majority of people are not willing to give a remedy a fair trial. I knew that two or three boxes would not cure as bad a case as mine, but I found that I had bought more than was necessary. I began to find great relief by the time I had used five boxes, and by the time I had finished the seventh box I was cured. I had no more pain, swelling or numbness than I have to-day, and that was five years ago. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to a great many people, for there is no doubt in my mind that anyone who is suffering with rheumatism will be cured if the pills are given a fair trial." Signed H. L. BURNS,

March 9, 1900.

44 Brinkerhoff Ave.,  
Utica, N. Y.



MR. H. L. BURNS.



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 "I ask," said a patient and  
 suffering husband, "is to be let



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alone." His wife had commented for the fifth time in an hour on some trifle, as for instance his way of sitting which destroyed the crease in his trousers, his pouring hot tea into his saucer, an old-fashioned and out-of-date custom be it known, which used to be in vogue, and is now thought "horrid," his forgetfulness to fold up his napkin, his leaving the door open when he went out, etc. None of these actions were criminal; none were even unrefined, but Mr. Goodman had a nagging wife to whom petty things seemed of great importance. She was to be pitied as well as he. The woman who nags has a distorted vision. From her viewpoint trivialities loom up immensely magnified. Her eyes see every home matter out of proportion; out of the true perspective. This makes her temper uncertain, and sharpens her tones, and in turn the family tempers grow unamiable. It is a great art, that of letting people alone—an art worth cultivating.—Selected.

The power to think is the power to solve the problems of life in a real and true way. We imagine the problems of life will be easier to solve as we go on. They will not. The sign of spiritual growth in our lives is that we are daily set harder tasks to do, given heavier responsibilities to carry, larger hopes to win. One reason why so many people fail in life is they do not think when they can—when they have time and unclouded faculties. Later, when they are obliged to make instant decisions, they have no balance of judgment, no reserve of insight. They stop to weigh and consider, and the hour of decision, of opportunity, goes by forever.—Anna Brown Lindsay.

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If Job could have known, as he sat there in the ashes, bruising his heart on this problem of Providence, that in the trouble that had come upon him he was doing what one man may do to work out the problem for the world, he might again have taken courage. No man lives to himself. Job's life is but your life and mine, written in larger text. So, then, though we may not know what trials wait on any of us, we can believe that, as the days in which Job wrestled with the dark maladies are the only days that made him worth remembrance, and but for which his name never would have been written in the Book of Life, so the days through which we struggle, finding no way, but never losing the light, will be the most significant we are called to live.—Robert Collyer.

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## THE SPIRIT OF FAITH

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"Ever-blessed God, who dost in thy divine love and power reveal thyself to each of thy children as far as he can possibly bear it, increase within us, we pray thee, the faith through which alone we can know or receive thee. Whether thou comest as the Almighty, or the Redeeming, or the Indwelling God, it is ever faith thou seekest, and according to faith we receive. O Father, convince us deeply that we have just as much of the Spirit as we have of faith."

The wide-spread prejudice against the use of horse-flesh as food seems to be well founded. In a recent investigation, M. Pfluger has found that dogs and carnivorous animals of zoological gardens become affected with intestinal troubles when fed exclusively on horse-meat, and the dogs steadily lost weight. The harmful substance which is not yet known, is dissolved by both water and alcohol, the meat being made harmless by soaking. It was suspected that the injurious effects might be connected with the poverty of horse-flesh in fatty matter, but the addition of horse-fat did not lessen the intestinal disturbance, although the fat of mutton, beef or pork seemed to have antitoxic action, and made the horse-flesh harmless. To render this meat wholesome, therefore, it is recommended to cook with half an ounce of the kidney-fat of beef or

mutton for each pound, the meat being also boiled and the water thrown away.

A man should be lenient with everybody but himself. A man should be rigid with himself, and nobody else. Let a man say in the beginning of life, "My life depends upon me." There is a divine, overruling Providence, but it is a Providence which favors those that favor themselves by taxation, responsibility, care, wise exertion.—H. W. Beecher.

Dictate no terms to Providence. At whatever cost, accept the service offered you, high or low, far or near. Then burn to the socket.—R. D. Hitchcock.

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